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THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL.

CHAPTER XXXI.

By the time Hugh returned to his own room it was nearly twelve o'clock, and ideas of dinner began to float through his mind. But now a new difficulty presented itself. His cook was laid up, and he had heard quite enough from John Smith of the deadly Tangena poison and the natives' skill in administering it, to keep him from any of Rahatra's concoctions, even without Néní Bé's warnings. The dilemma was sufficiently awkward, though it had its ridiculous side. On the ground lay the two ducks he had been fortunate enough to kill with his first two barrels, before discovering that he had left the rest of his cartridges behind him. He hesitated in fretful perplexity; he could not eat the birds raw, yet his ideas of cooking were of the most visionary order. At this moment one of the slaves came up with a message that Néní Bé would like to see him.

He followed the messenger to the store-shed where in a dark corner the old woman had her lair. She lay on her chest to avoid rubbing her wounds, which one of the slaves had carefully dressed with a poultice of native herbs. As Hugh came up she showed her two remaining teeth in a feeble grin of welcome.

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"The master has not finished me yet. I was a fool to lose my senses with fear. I should have known that the Vazaha would have saved me."

"I'm afraid, Néní, it was the cartridges I forgot that saved you; otherwise I should not have known what was happening. Are you much hurt?"

"No, no," said Néní cheerfully; "to-morrow I shall be nearly well. But what will the Vazaha do for food?"

"Just what I was wondering," said Hugh.

"Did you shoot anything?"

"Yes, two ducks."

"Bring them here," said Néní. "I will make one of the slaves cook them for you, and you must eat them till to-morrow when I can serve you again myself. Also give the same slave a little money, and she will bring you a share of her rice."

"Do you really think I am in any danger of——" began Hugh.

"No one knows," said Néní, looking cautiously round, to see that they were alone. "Rahatra loves you; that I can see, being myself a woman. She knows that you intend soon to go to your country again, so that she will never see you any more. Is it not so?"

He nodded, with a strong inward

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conviction that the last person he would ever seek to meet again would be Dumazel's beautiful mistress.

"Rahatra would rather you died than went away without loving her," went on Nénì conclusively. "Perhaps she has not yet tried to give you of her medicine, but if she has, then you have already escaped death, Vazaha, for the medicine is strong and gives wisdom. It teaches many things; by it you may learn what shall come to you when your body is stiff and cold, and your eyes are sightless."

"But she would not dare—" he began. "If anything happened to me here, my friends in Tamatave, and in England too, would soon revenge me. She must know that."

"And what good would revenge be to you when you are dead?" asked Nénì very pertinently. "Women do not wait to think of those things. I know my own people, and I know too the signs that have been sent you. The snare of the tresses, and the burial earth, and the death stones,—all these you have had—they are not empty things!"

He sat down perplexedly upon a sack of rice, feeling that, if once he emerged scatheless from his present awkward position, his taste for studying the manners and customs of uncivilised people would be amply satisfied for the rest of his natural life. And the image of Phœbe rose before him more clearly than before. Must he lose her again, lose her for ever now that he had just found her again? Must he die alone and murdered in this remote spot?

"There is another woman," said old Nénì suddenly, and he looked up to find her intently watching him; "one the Vazaha loves well in his own country. He wishes to see her again. Is it not so? Do not be afraid, Vazaha; your stone fell clear into the Place of Luck. You shall return in

safety, for so the power has decreed. Go now," she continued. "All to-day here in the quiet I will think within myself what may be done. Eat nothing but what I send. Tomorrow I shall again stand on my feet. I too am a woman; I have wits."

Hugh emerged into the sunlight, feeling as if he were leaving a sibyl's cave. His disposition was not particularly philosophical, but the reflection was forced upon him that after all Fortune, though considered a fickle and perhaps impulsive and irresponsible goddess, does occasionally equalise the lot of human beings in a surprising way. Here was he, a man in the prime of his youth, well-born, gently nurtured, having received an ample and sufficient education, and yet totally dependent for everything upon this wrinkled, untaught old savage. For once Strength clung to Weakness, and Wisdom was fain to sit at the feet of Ignorance, that she might listen and be wise to her own salvation.

Although his estimate of M. Dumazel's character had not risen since the events just recorded, Hugh had no wish to manifest any malice, and he joined the planter later on when, in the cool of the afternoon, he was sauntering among his coffee-bushes. The application of brute force has an exceedingly beneficial effect upon the genus bully, to which Dumazel belonged. He accepted the situation, and they conversed amicably enough, while Hugh tried not to see how rainbow-coloured was one side of his host's face, nor how the loss of a tooth added to the unprepossessingness of his appearance.

At noon next day Nénì Bé brought him some food. She limped very slightly, and her back was a trifle more bowed than before, but otherwise she seemed to have recovered.

"To-morrow at dawn we start," she said in a whisper. "One of the slave girls saw Rahatra seeking Tangena this morning; now the thing is sure."

"But how can I start?" said Hugh. "Rainkettaka has not returned and——"

"I know the village where he was to meet your men," said Néní Bé; "and I know the way to it. We must leave as soon as it is light to-morrow, and by sundown, if he has not already started, we shall meet him. If he has gone, I will think of something else, but you must go. The slave who cooked for you hates Rahatra, and fears her; it was she who told me of the Tangena. Rainkettaka can come back here for your things."

Even long afterwards, when Hugh was able to look back upon this escape, he could never divest it of its dream-like qualities; memory only seemed to add to them. That night he locked away sundry papers in his strong leather-covered writing-case, and sealed it carefully. Next, having made up a small bundle of necessities for his march, he loaded his gun and filled his cartridge-belt; and then, having put a week's board-money into an envelope directed to Dumazel, he left it on the table in lieu of notice or leave-taking. Finally he said his prayers and, in spite of his excitement, fell asleep directly he lay down.

He started upright about half an hour afterwards, as it seemed to him, to find Néní Bé standing beside him, her finger on her lip. In a very few moments he was ready, and set forth carrying his gun while Néní took possession of his bundle. Outside a tumult of light was in the heavens, the languid waning moon growing gradually more colourless as the eastern glow increased. The air held a fresh sweet purity, a newness of in-

vigoration, as they passed silently down the path between the dew-laden coffee-bushes, and stole away towards the deserted village.

Néní Bé shivered a little as they passed the burial place of those forgotten dead who had once dwelt there, but Hugh paused for a moment to survey the large tomb, while there flashed once more before him a vision of the loneliness and hopelessness he had witnessed there. Then he went quickly on to rejoin the old woman who had slackened her pace to wait for him.

It is needless to recount the trials and fatigues of that day, when Hugh supported life upon rice and manioc cooked together and squeezed into a tough unappetising mass which nothing but real hunger could have induced him to touch. It was fortunate, however, that Néní Bé had had the forethought to tie up a few of these cakes in a corner of her lamba, or they would have had nothing to eat at all. His guide went by a short track known only to the natives, which followed unfrequented ways. Fortunately they passed a herdsman's hut about mid-day, where the man gave them some bananas and rice and showed them a good spring of water. He had been at the village they were bound for only a couple of days ago, and was able to assure them that they would there find Rainkettaka and all the men. Their departure for Faravohitra had been delayed by a wedding-feast which they resolved to share, and he, the herdsman, had driven down four beasts to be slaughtered for the merry-making. To-day every one was resting after the orgie; to-morrow at sunrise they would all start to fetch the Vazaha; he had heard them speak of it.

The sun was setting when Rainkettaka, flirting with a plump damsel behind a bush just outside the village,

abruptly relinquished his amusement as he beheld a most unusual spectacle, at the sight of which the said damsel fled in confusion. Hugh, limping with fatigue, his face burned and blistered by the sun, his clothes slit in many places by thorns, stood before him. Close by was Néni Bé, apparently little the worse for her exertions.

"*Dré!*" cried Rainkettaka, throwing up his hands, and rushing towards his master to take his gun and belt. "What is the matter? In two days I should have brought back the bearers and porters to fetch the Vazaha!"

But Hugh was too much exhausted by his long day under the tropical sun to enter into any explanations; and as Néni instantly began a voluble account of all the events of the past few days in her native tongue, Rainkettaka's curiosity was soon amply satisfied. Twenty times he blamed himself in the most energetic language for having left the stranger whom the great Vazaha Smeeto had confided to his care; and yet, as he wound up, it was hardly his fault; he had merely done as he was told; he trusted that his master would, so far as possible, ignore his own absence during the dangers with which he had been threatened, when he related his adventures to the great Vazaha Smeeto; he also trusted, &c., &c.

To this effusion, pronounced in the vilest Creole French and with all the interminable loquacity of a native, Hugh replied very shortly indeed, being hungry and tired. "Things will be all right, Rainkettaka, if you find me a hut and a bed and some food at once; but if you chatter there much longer, I shall send you back to Tamatave alone, and get Néni Bé to wait on me."

This threat had the desired effect. Within a very short time Hugh found himself in the possession of a tolerably

comfortable hut, in one corner of which some bundles of rice straw, covered with clean mats, formed a bed which no tired traveller would be inclined to quarrel with. It was arranged that Rainkettaka with the baggage-carriers should go next day to Faravohitra, while Hugh, after a couple of days' rest in the village, would proceed down country by slow stages, so that his luggage might overtake him. As for Néni Bé, it was arranged between Rainkettaka and herself that the former, if questioned, would not have seen her, a fabrication which would give colour to a tale she had told one of her fellow-slaves, to the effect that she intended to run away to some of her people on the other side of the island.

Next morning Hugh consulted in his pocket-book the dates of the departures of the mail-steamers from Tamatave, and found to his disappointment that he could not possibly catch the Cape mail by which his letter had gone. What was worse was the lack of any regular connection with the French vessel sailing for Marseilles from Saint Denis in Réunion a fortnight later, by which he might have reached England at the same time as the Cape mail following a longer route.

Accordingly he resigned himself as best he could to the delay; but now that he felt freed from the atmosphere of intrigue, suspicion, and excitement in which he had spent the past few days, this enforced inaction was very trying. His mind, now grown calm and able to contemplate the near future without apprehension, was for ever full of the thought of the woman whose charm was daily strengthened by memory. Gradually and without effort little details floated into his mind, shreds of occurrence belonging to the time about which his memory had been so strangely oblivious. He

knew now where he had first seen the weed-grown ditch surrounding the fortified village where they did not kill the crocodile. It was in a certain shady English lane, from which a little rough wooden wicket on its further side led straight into Paradise. A vision rose before him of an old wooden bench and a girlish figure that sat thereon with him. He could see the gleam of the sunlight on her shining hair, the tinge of colour on her cheek, the long lashes that shaded her downcast eyes. And so his thoughts would wander on in a series of retrospects that seemed to him so like the fabled Fata Morgana transferred to mental regions, that he sometimes dreaded lest he might one day discover his fancied happiness to be an illusion after all.

The longest journey, however, must come to an end at some time, and one evening at sunset, Hugh was ferried across the Ivondru river, to find waiting for him on the opposite shore the Vazaha Smeeto himself.

"Your runner got in yesterday night," said the merchant, "so I was well warned and able to meet you. How have you enjoyed your expedition? Killed anything worth carrying home? You're looking stronger and better than when you started. How do you feel?"

"Thanks, I feel particularly well," rejoined Hugh as soon as he had released his hand from the other's cordial grip. "When does the next mail-steamer for Europe start? I must get home as soon as possible."

Mr. Smith was not without his experiences of humanity of both sexes. "Running away from a petticoat?" he asked, a half-smile curving the corners of his shrewd mouth.

"N—no—that is, not exactly," answered Hugh with some confusion.

"Running home to one perhaps?" hazarded his companion.

"Well, perhaps," answered the younger man.

"I beg your pardon," said Smith. "I've no business to be catechising you in this way about your private concerns. But human nature is very interesting,—at least I have always found it so."

That evening under the shade of his friend's hospitable verandah, Hugh gave him a succinct account of his various adventures. They interested Smith so much that he several times let his pipe go out for want of attention. "So you expect to find Mistress Phœbe as you left her, eh?" he said after an interval of silence.

"Well, I hope so," answered Hugh. "I feel the same to her; I don't see why she should have changed."

"The fire of love takes a deal of fanning," observed Smith reflectively, "to keep it up well, that is. Don't you think you've rather neglected that process just lately?"

"But how could I help it?" said Hugh. "That confounded knock on the head did for me."

"Yes," said Smith; "still you'd better not be too cocksure. The lady's memory may have lapsed as well, you know," he added drily.

"No!" answered the lover impetuously. "She would be faithful to me, I know."

"Ah, well," said Smith rising and knocking the ashes out of his pipe with something like a sigh, "let us hope that it will be so. I've no business to be sowing doubt in your mind; it's thankless work. If my caution isn't needed, you'll think of me as an ignorant fool; if it is, you'll curse me for a bird of ill omen. Only remember this, my lad. If the girl's true and has stood by you, you'll have an uncommonly rare blessing to thank the Almighty for; one that has never come my way," he added almost sadly, as he lit his candle and disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ALTHOUGH he felt that another interview with Phœbe would be most painful to him, and although he was by no means anxious to meet either Mason Sawbridge or Anthony Holson, still on the principle of the moth and the candle, Bryant, within a week, felt compelled to take another constitutional along the Worthing road past the lonely little house they had hired. When he saw, swinging upon its gate, a board announcing that it was *To Let*, he could hardly tell whether dismay or relief was his most paramount sensation. All the time he plodded steadily on to fulfil his self-imposed exercise (only undertaken from a strong sense of duty), he was mentally considering Phœbe's position. After all, why would his persistent feeling of regret for her intrude itself? It was illogical, foolish, sentimental. He called himself very hard names for entertaining such sensations. The woman was old enough to judge for herself; and if weak enough, as it appeared, to allow an unwelcome suitor to successfully press himself, clearly she would be better off with a husband to look after her. The chance of Holson being innocent of the suspected murder was quite as strong as that of his guilt. Phœbe knew nothing of the matter. In time she would no doubt become reconciled to her lot in life, and would settle down to enjoy it as best she could. He knew she had been fond of Hugh Strong, but according to Bryant's theory (which perhaps, generally speaking, is the correct one), women's affections were a facile and interchangeable kind of material, which they dealt out by the yard for the clothing of such male objects as presented themselves with a plea for the amorous garb.

If Hugh had remembered her, if he

had ever by word or sign given a hint of returning recollection, Bryant would not have hesitated for a moment, even with Phœbe's affairs in their present condition, to let her know of it. As it was, that year of his life which held all his friend's connection with her, had been apparently dropped out of his existence for ever. In some ways this cautious bachelor was conscious of a certain guilty satisfaction at the strong hand which Fate had extended in this matter. He did not altogether consider the alliance a desirable one. Phœbe was a very lovely young woman, harmless too, and affectionate, and unfortunate,—here he choked down his rising pity—but he hoped that Hugh would some day choose a bride from a less remarkable family.

As he crossed the hall that evening on his way to the dining-room, the porter handed him a letter. It was merely an envelope containing Hugh's missive from Faravohitra, which he noticed had lain for two days at his private address in Jermyn Street, before being taken on to his club to be forwarded. With a mental determination to visit this neglect upon his landlord on the first possible opportunity, he broke the seal. The contents, for obvious reasons, were disagreeable to him, and with truly masculine instinct he proceeded to avenge his outraged feelings upon the nearest available objects.

He declared the wine to be corked; the soup (owing to his delay while reading the letter) certainly was cold; he called the meat raw; he quarrelled with the *entrée*; he neglected the sweets; and finally, to the waiter's consternation, he declined the cheese altogether. In this unamiable frame of mind he retired to his room, which with its brisk fire and close-drawn curtains looked comfortable enough. Then he rang for some whiskey and water, changed his coat, threw himself

into a low chair by the hearth, and lit his pipe. Putting his heels on the mantelpiece, and thrusting his hands deep into his trouser-pockets, he tilted himself back and prepared for solid meditation. Why on earth had the fellow chosen to begin remembering that lost period just at this most awkward juncture? Probably as the doctor had foretold, he would gradually follow his own clue and remember everything. "And then," as Bryant ruefully reflected, "he will come hurrying home from Madagascar to see how she is, and so forth. A pretty mess I shall be in if I haven't contrived to let the girl hear of him before he arrives. And now, I suppose, I must go tearing down to that beastly country inn in November, and call on her, and have to force my way past a rabid uncle and a bloodthirsty cousin to get to her at all. If I come back with a whole skin I shall be thankful. It's just like my luck, this sort of thing!"

As the last thought passed through his mind he was aware of the lift, which rose near his door, coming up with an arrival. It stopped at his landing on the third floor. He heard the thud of a portmanteau set down; he heard also a familiar step and a familiar voice. He sat upright in his chair, wondering if he had gone suddenly crazy; his jaw fell, his pipe (meerschau and an old favourite) dropped unheeded on to the fender and broke; he held tightly to the arms of the chair; there was a fumble at the lock.

"This door did you say, or the next? Ah, here!" and then Hugh, very sun-burned and wrapped up to the ears in a great ulster, burst in upon him. "Here you are, my dear old fellow! How jolly glad I am to see you again, and my native country, too; but by Jove, it is cold after the tropics! Why, what's the matter?" he broke

off, observing for the first time his friend's rather lack-lustre expression.

"N—no—nothing," answered Bryant; "only you see I was a little startled, not expecting you. I've only just received this," pointing to the letter.

"Ah, yes, I see. The Cape mail, you know, takes about six weeks, and Messageries not much more than three. We made a quick passage, too, from Réunion, only nineteen days and a half. I found out at your club that you were down here, so I came on at once. You can guess what has brought me home?"

"Yes, yes, oh dear, yes," said Bryant readily, wondering whether he should survive the next quarter of an hour.

Here Hugh, who had tossed off his coat, dragged another chair to the fire and sat down. "And,—and,—how, er—how is she, in fact?" he asked in eager confusion. "Confounded nuisance my forgetting it all in that way! I wonder if she'll forgive me. How is she, my dear old chap? Have you seen or heard anything of her lately?"

There was no answer.

"Speak out!" said Hugh, impatiently. "I'm not an invalid now, you understand. What's wrong? She's not dead?" and his ruddy cheeks paled a little.

"No, no, oh no, certainly not," said Bryant, to whom the sense of being able to give at any rate one satisfactory answer imparted some invigoration. "I saw her not long since."

"Ah! where?"

"Here."

"What! here, in the hotel? Is she here now? Which room?" demanded Hugh, flying to the bell.

"No, she's left Brighton. I don't know when, but I saw her rather more than a week ago."

"How was she looking? Is she

changed? Did she ask after me?" demanded the lover.

"She was not looking very well, I thought; and I do not think she was particularly happy. She thought you were dead."

"Ah! But you told her about me?"

"Of course I did; and of course also I had to tell her about the effect of your accident."

"Do you think she cares for me still?" asked Hugh anxiously.

"Yes, I do," answered Bryant.

"And she looked unhappy, you say. Perhaps it was about me. But I'll soon mend all that; of course I shall go down to Coltham as soon as ever I can to-morrow."

The bright happiness of this young fellow, his simple faith in the girl, his whole-heartedness, touched the older man deeply. And his was the hand that must threaten this temple of joy with ruin! "My dear boy," he said, leaning towards Hugh, and speaking in a voice so gentle, so pregnant with feeling that few of his acquaintances would have recognised it, "you must pull yourself together a bit, and hear something. Ill news is never the sweeter for keeping."

Hugh's lips tightened. He nodded to the other to go on. Since Phæbe was alive and still cared for him, there could only be one reason for bad news of her.

"It is more than possible, it is probable, very probable," insisted Bryant with cruel kindness, "that if you go to Coltham to-morrow you may find Phæbe Thayne married."

"And to whom?"

"To her cousin, Anthony Holson."

Hugh sprang up with an oath. "To him, a murderer? She to marry a man like that after caring for me,—still caring for me, you say! It is impossible, impossible, the thing's too preposterous!"

"We cannot be sure, you know, that he was guilty of that murder; and even if he were, that could not unmarry them again," said Bryant.

"But I know he murdered that Creole girl we found at Saint Florel. I can produce the man who saw him do it!"

Bryant stared at him for a moment. "You're a bit excited, Strong, and tired too, done up with knocking about. I'll go down with you to get something to eat, and afterwards we can talk more comfortably."

"I see," said Hugh a little bitterly; "you think I'm still off my head; but I'm not. I'll tell you all about it afterwards. I felt as fit as anything till a minute ago, and now I'm dead beat. I'll eat something; I shall need my strength. Married or unmarried, I swear I'll thrash Holson within an inch of his life to-morrow."

Bryant wagged his head from side to side in slow disapproval. "Violence can serve no good purpose," he said.

"I suppose he forced her or coerced her or something, eh?" demanded Hugh, who seemed far more angered by Holson's presumption than by Phæbe's weakness, for which his chivalry had nothing but pity.

"Of course she was weak," said Bryant. "Most women are; at least the pleasant ones often are [he hastened to correct himself with prudence]. I don't think you need be hard on her, even if she has married Holson; she will have plenty of time to repent it. And really, my dear Strong, when I come to think of it, it would be far better for me to go down to Coltham to-morrow to see how things are. Now, don't interrupt. If the marriage has not taken place,—though, mind you, I think that very unlikely—I will stop it somehow, till you can see Miss Thayne for yourself. If it has taken place, I don't see the slightest good in your going near her

at all. In fact, under such circumstances, it would be much kinder not to let her know that you have remembered her."

"I dare say your ideas are very reasonable and prudent and all the rest of it," said Hugh doggedly, "but I must go to Coltham myself. You may come too if you like," he added; "indeed I was counting on you. What time is the first train to-morrow? It's sure to take hours to go; these cross-country trains are so infernally slow." He consulted a time-table from the pocket of his ulster, while Bryant waited rather apprehensively for the result. "There's nothing that leaves before nine," he announced mournfully. "That reaches Redford at half-past twelve; we ought to be at Coltham about half-past one."

This matter settled, they went down to the dining-room, and afterwards over the bedroom fire Bryant heard all the story of his friend's travels. It was two in the morning when they separated, and Bryant had just composed himself to sleep when he was roused again by the entrance of Hugh, his long-robed figure looking positively gigantic in the dying light of the embers.

"I beg your pardon, old chap, for disturbing you like this. Don't mind me, I'm just going to finish the night in your armchair. The fact is I can't sleep."

He then proceeded to mend the fire with considerable vigour, and his sojourn in the armchair for the remainder of those perturbing hours was so restless that Bryant's own slumbers were merely a series of uneasy naps.

While Hugh at four o'clock in the morning was fidgeting in his patient friend's armchair, and reflecting with a savage pleasure that, even if he could not marry Phæbe himself, he could at any rate interfere with the peaceful

matrimonial progress of Anthony Holson, the instrument upon which he was reckoning for his revenge was unfitting himself for that purpose as rapidly as possible. Seven thousand miles away the morning sun was pouring down upon the belt of forest in Madagascar where the estate of Faravohitra was situated. After Hugh's sudden departure Dumazel's life became far from enjoyable. He did not attempt to trace Néné Bé, whose valuable services as hairdresser were little missed by a woman who daily neglected herself more, and who was apparently a prey to only two emotions, regret for the absent and hatred for the present. Whatever the future might have in store for him outside Faravohitra, he felt it would be wiser to risk its possible chances than to remain a perpetual temptation for Rahatra's skill in poisons. As for his promise to Hugh to appear as a witness against Holson if needed, his conscience flung that obligation off without any misgivings. Indeed much reflection had convinced him that if Philippe Dumazel were called as a witness, certain unpleasant questions might be asked about the antecedents of a certain notorious Louis Lozier who had prudently altered his name. Accordingly, on the very morning that Hugh in the chilly hours of dawn was mentally invoking his assistance, Monsieur Louis Lozier (*alias* Philippe Dumazel) with certain gold coins sewn up in his belt, was traversing a forest path which led to a ferry over one of the larger streams intersecting the track to the western portion of Madagascar. He walked slowly, for he hated exercise, and he cursed softly to himself as he toiled along, for the same reason. It seemed a pity to have forsaken a growing concern like the Faravohitra plantation; but Lozier's errant life had accustomed him

to violent changes of fortune, and anything, as he reflected, was better than dying (as he stood a good chance of doing) poisoned by a revengeful and unscrupulous woman.

It was mid-day when he reached the tiny cluster of huts on the river's bank, whose owners plied a couple of canoes for the benefit of travellers. He halted for an hour or two here, and ate a good meal before going further. Then choosing the stronger looking of two rather frail canoes, he stepped in and bade the native pull over. There was a mud bank in the stream two-thirds of the way across, and between this and the further shore, which was muddy and thick with rushes and papyrus, the water, as the canoe rocked its way onward, grew suddenly thick as though there was a movement in its murky depths. In another instant the flat head and cruel sunken eye of a huge crocodile rose silently alongside; the great jaws opened, and closed with a horrid snap upon the side of the canoe, which immediately capsized. The terrified native threw himself into the stream and half swam, half scrambled to the shore, his haste being further accelerated by the shriek of a tortured man that rang in his ears as he struggled to land, and turned to see a crimson stain on the muddy water.

And while Hugh at last dropped through utter weariness into a transient sleep, Phœbe, not many miles off, was pacing her room in an agony of feverish anticipation. However carefully we may consider the inevitable from a safe and pleasant distance of time, its advent is none the more welcome when it has all but arrived. Weary as she was of Holson's importunity, Phœbe had often felt that, once she had promised to marry him, the sooner it was over the better. Yet from some strange spirit of con-

tradiction she had declined to be coerced into an earlier marriage, hoping against hope that some strange and unexpected circumstance might intervene between her and fate.

The interview with Bryant at Brighton had convinced her of the impossibility of such a thing, and her feelings were reflected in her attitude towards her future husband, which exhibited now a mere passiveness, instead of the fretful remonstrances against which he had had to strive for so long. This was to be her wedding-day, and she paced to and fro, counting the hours of freedom that still remained. Nine,—no, not even nine hours were left now, for before one o'clock she would be married. For a time all her heart seemed torn with pity for her own fate, with scorn for her own weakness; and then, being a good woman, she tried to calm herself with notions of grave duties and responsibilities in the near future. Happy she might never be; but upright, uncomplaining, dutiful, she might and would be. And as there floated through her mind a text often heard, yet never before realised, the healing tears came quickly, for the sense that there was One in whose eyes a broken heart was not despised, brought with it enough of comfort and peace to still her passion for a while.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"I REALLY believe I could walk as fast as this infernal train goes," said Hugh for about the twentieth time during their three hours' journey.

"Every one isn't in such a hurry as you are, you see," observed Bryant from his corner. He was good-natured and sincerely attached to his companion, but he viewed Hugh's mental condition with something very like dismay.

"We shall be late to a dead

certainty," said Strong, looking at his watch.

"Well, we could not in any case get to Coltham by twelve o'clock," answered the other. "So, unless the marriage has already taken place, you will have plenty of time to stop it before to-morrow. No one can be married after twelve o'clock, you know, though they say the law is going to be altered."

"Yes, that's true," assented Hugh, and this happy argument soothed him for quite five minutes.

But the longest journey comes to an end, and the train did at last roll into Redford station punctual to its appointed moment. It was a thing unprecedented in the annals of that line, but possibly the sovereign which Hugh Strong had presented to the engine-driver, with a forcible adjuration to risk the lives of the passengers by putting on double speed, had something to do with it.

As their dog-cart rolled swiftly through the wintry lanes Hugh became curiously silent, and when it drew up before the door of the Red Lion his face had assumed a hard fixed look. When they walked in to the sanded bar, Hugh of his own accord passed through the swing-door into the low, brown-beamed little dining-room and left Bryant to do the talking.

"Glad to see you again, sir," said the landlord civilly.

"Yes," said Bryant glibly, "you made us so comfortable last time that we have returned, you see. How are things going on in Coltham?"

"There bain't much change, sir, as I knows on. Two or three have been born, and old Stoney Weekes that sold cresses is dead."

"No one married, eh?" asked Bryant, with a jocularly he was far from feeling. "Do you only go in for births and deaths here?"

"Let me see," began the landlord,

stroking his stubbly chin. "Yes, Jess Golding the blacksmith's daughter has wed a wheelwright from Redford; and then George Standish, Mr. Dene's keeper, he married Nancy Weekes just after her father died, and then there was the wedding this morning."

"What wedding was that?" asked Bryant, feeling his excitement considerably increased.

"Why, Miss Phæbe's, to be sure, up at Denehurst. Not much of a wedding neither for quality folks; and I don't think so well of her choice myself, though there's maybe no harm in him, —only their five selves too in the church, and not a soul that knew what was goin' on. Not even a shilling o' beer for ringers, nor the price of a drop for the clerk, nor——"

"Who did Miss Thayne marry?" asked Bryant, desperately checking the landlord's flow of eloquence.

"Why, her cousin, to be sure, Mr. Holson—him that they thought was dead in furrin parts——"

The door from the dining-room into the garden opened and shut, and Bryant saw Hugh quickly walking past the corner window of the bar. He hurried out and caught him up a dozen yards further on.

"Where are you going?" he asked, laying a hand on the other's arm.

"Up to Denehurst, of course," answered Hugh, impatiently shaking off his friend's restraining grasp.

"What is the use, my dear fellow?" began Bryant sympathetically. "You can do no good. Wait just a moment and think. You will only make the poor girl more wretched and yourself too."

"No," said Hugh, smiling a little, but it was not a pleasant smile. "I don't think I could do that."

"Well, wait a while at all events," urged Bryant; "there's no hurry. What are you going to say or do when you get to Denehurst? Consider——"

"Look here, old fellow," said Strong, suddenly stopping short in his rapid walk. "I'm going; up to Denehurst, as I told you; you can do exactly as you please."

Bryant relapsed into silence, for he saw that words were fruitless, and resigning himself to the inevitable followed his friend up the lane and over the plank bridge across the wide ditch whose water-weeds were sealed under the ice, through the wicket last opened by Phœbe Holson, and along the well-remembered path that led on to the lawn.

The old church at Coltham had witnessed the christenings and weddings and funerals of many generations, that now lay as dust in the churchyard that surrounded it with a hallowed ring. Rich or poor, idle or busy, frugal or thriftless, sad or merry, all were alike now; their span was over and they slept their sleep. It was some such thought as this that calmed Phœbe Thayne's mind as she walked up the path to the church door with Mrs. Crumb on her wedding-day. The weather was not propitious; the landscape looked bleak and barren, and the leafless twigs of the trees rattled with an empty sound as the keen wind shook them every now and then or tossed their bare tracery against the sky. But for Phœbe winter had disappeared; the bees hummed above the clover, a stray swallow chirped among the brown rafters of the chilly interior, and in the empty pew in the chancel she seemed to see Hugh Strong standing once more as she had seen him first on a sunny Sunday morning two years ago.

Her thoughts were indeed so completely in the past that only the clergyman's voice beginning the service recalled her to the present. Her own responses were mechanical and Anthony's seemed to come from a distance; the hand she gave her

bridegroom was a very cold and passive one, and she was scarcely conscious of the moment when the ring slid on to her finger and she was indeed married.

Outside the church door the little party of four separated. Mason and Mrs. Crumb going home through the village, while Anthony and his wife returned by way of the plantation, and through the little wicket that Hugh knew so well. She did not say a word as they went along, and Holson saw that she looked pale, and that her eyes had a dreaming, vacant expression.

"Are you not well, dear?" he asked very tenderly. "Are you tired? Shall I go on and bring the pony down to fetch you?"

"I am quite well," she answered with a little start as she came back to present things.

"Haven't you got a word for me, Phœbe," he asked reproachfully, "nothing kindly to say?"

"You have had your wish," she said with a little smile. "You have married me. That must be enough, Anthony."

He kept silence with an effort and walked on beside her. He would take her away from this place with its loneliness and melancholy associations. In some warm bright spot in the South, where the skies were blue and the violets sweet, she would learn to love him, to cast away her old memories, and to begin life afresh. They were to leave for their wedding-tour by a night train which they would drive to meet at Redford, after old Dennis Dene had gone to his room, for Phœbe had insisted that no word of her marriage should be spoken to him. She knew that the idea would disturb and unsettle his childish brain, and as Mrs. Crumb had promised to invent some harmless fiction to account for her absence, Phœbe fancied he would remain content

during the three or four weeks it was to last.

Mason met them on the threshold. "Welcome home, my dear Phœbe!" he said effusively, kissing her. "Happy is the bride the sun shines on," and he pointed to where, beyond the oaks of the park, a faint yellow ray of light pierced the lowering sky.

The hunchback was in high spirits. One of his dearest wishes was accomplished; Phœbe's fortune would remain in the family, and another desire, none the less strong, though only avowed to himself, seemed in a fair way to come about. He fancied that Phœbe Holson would soon regret that she had not become Phœbe Sawbridge. Altogether he was well content, and in such a genial mood that he even smiled indulgently upon his uncle when, on returning from church, he met him hurrying out of the forbidden ground of the library.

They all lunched together, but the meal was not a very cheerful one, and four at any rate out of the company were conscious of a sense of relief arising from a necessary restraint of conversation on account of the fifth. Old Dennis Dene, however, behaved with such humble and quiet discretion, that his two nephews felt unusually well disposed towards him. Just as the meal was concluded, Mason was summoned to a conference with the bailiff, which ended in his presently being seen to cross the lawn with that worthy and disappear down the path to the wood.

"Perhaps, Phœbe," said her uncle rather wistfully, "you would dance for me a little this afternoon. It is a long time, my dear, since you gave me that pleasure. I have felt rather dull lately; I am getting old, you know. If I might come into the library, we might dance there, while the servants are clearing the table."

Phœbe looked across at her husband, and her mute appeal for his permission

gave him an odd and pleasant thrill. Neither saw the peculiar look that came over the old man's face as he noted the movement.

"Of course, Phœbe," said Anthony, "if my uncle wishes it. I will come too; we will all three go into the library together."

When Dennis Dene entered the other room five minutes later, Phœbe and Anthony were standing together in the window looking out across the garden, their backs were towards him and neither noticed that he carefully drew the inside bolt of the heavy door as he came in carrying his violin. He moved a chair or two to leave more space in the centre of the room, and then sat down, violin in hand, at a small table near the door and standing opposite to it. He drew his bow across the strings and broke into one of his strange, half discordant melodies; at the sound Phœbe turned and, taking up her dress on each side as children do, began gravely to move forward with a graceful, rhythmical step. Anthony sat down in the big leather arm-chair, and watched his wife with an admiration to which even she could not pretend herself blind. Up and down the room she moved, crossing and recrossing the central space, with a delicate grace that became her well. Her uncle looked on affectionately, nodding his head with an emphatic *brava*, when some stately glissade or courtly sweep of her dress especially pleased him. At length, as she passed near the arm-chair, Phœbe chanced to look at her husband and surprised a wistful, almost sad expression on his face as he watched her. The sight went straight to her woman's pity, and broke down for a moment the barrier of impassiveness she had set between herself and him. Half involuntarily she stretched out her hand towards him, and he rising, took it and began to move hand in hand with her, albeit

with some shamefacedness at his own weakness.

"Bravo, bravo!" cried Dennis Dene, and the notes fell yet faster from his strings in more jarring discord as his excitement increased. "Bravo! That is good of you, very kind of you, Anthony. I don't know when you have given me so much pleasure. Dance, I like to see you."

It did not take many minutes' exercise to convince Anthony that dancing was not his forte, and moreover that he was making rather a fool of himself, though it might be for Phœbe's sake. He stopped short. "Come, Phœbe, we must rest now, or you will be quite worn out. I've had enough of it already."

He was standing near the window as he spoke with his back to his uncle, and all the length of the room between them. A sudden horrible jarring of the violin made him look round. His uncle was now standing behind the table, on which lay the violin; with one hand he scraped and dragged the prostrate instrument with his bow, the other held up Mason's ivory-handled pistol. Anthony stared death in the face at four yards' distance.

"Dance, you scoundrel, dance!" cried Dennis Dene savagely. "I've got you now like a monkey in a string. Dance, or by God I'll make you!"

Holson was no coward. He took in the situation at once. One must temporize with homicidal lunatics, when the odds are in their favour. "Very well, uncle," he answered; "but it would be better for you to put that pistol down. You can't play the violin with one hand."

"Dance!" was the only answer; and amid the shrieks of the tortured violin this grim farce went on.

"Keep well clear of me," whispered Anthony to his wife, who pale and trembling strove to do her part. "It's me he's after. Keep well clear; we needn't both be shot."

"Can't you get the thing away?" she whispered as they passed and re-passed each other, while old Dennis Dene stared at them vacantly, the pistol still ready.

"Presently," he answered cautiously. "You keep a look out from the window, and try to signal in case any one comes across the lawn."

"Keep back!" cried the madman angrily, as Holson tried to dance a little nearer to the table. "Keep back! You thought I was such a fool that you could take Phœbe away without my knowing it, but I have caught you now. Dance, dance, I say!" and the bow grated heavily across the screaming strings, while his wrinkled bloodless fingers grasped the pistol so firmly that they looked like old ivory in their stiffness.

Holson retreated backwards as warily as possible, and as he did so, heard some one from outside try the handle of the door, which did not open. It was only then that the full horror of the situation flashed across him; Dennis Dene had bolted himself in with them; all hope of surprising him from behind was over. Anthony only hoped that the servant, who had tried the door after hearing the strange sounds of the violin, would quickly give the alarm.

"He has fastened the door," whispered Phœbe the next time she got near her husband in their grisly dance. She was white to the lips and trembling with fear, for her quick ear had caught the sound of the ineffectually turned handle.

"Be brave, dear," he whispered back; "keep up for a few minutes longer. Help must soon come now. Look out across the garden in case any one passes."

He could scarcely speak with any calmness. Rage and fear and baffled strength strove together in his mind. A chance movement, or a trivial whim of that irresponsible lunatic,

and every chance of his future happiness, or indeed of any earthly future at all, might be gone for ever. A single imprudent gesture on his own part might summon a swift and sudden death. Yet every moment was precious, for Phoebe could not now endure much longer; already her movements were flagging, and he feared she would faint. Yet he hardly dared go near her for fear of exposing her also to the risk which threatened himself.

He began nerving himself for the supreme effort which he felt must be made, and, as one who ventures a desperate leap gives himself starting-space, so Holson began to calculate a fixed moment to throw himself upon his uncle to disarm him. He was all this time lilting up and down across the room, mechanically, yet with furious impotence. Was his cup of happiness to be dashed from his very lips that had almost been wet with its draught? Must he only feel his long-sought prize his own, in order to lose it for ever?

He noticed a particular red flower in the carpet, and resolved that when his gyrations and pirouettings had led him twice over that flower, he would suddenly turn and try to overpower his uncle.

Just as he had come to this resolution, and what between suspense and excitement was beginning to feel almost overwhelmed, a strange inarticulate sound from Phoebe made him suddenly turn towards her. Love's ears are quick, and this man loved his wife with all his unruly heart and soul. She had spoken no word, the sound that had escaped her would have been a mere half-stifled little cry to ordinary hearing, but Love's senses are unerring. Anthony heard love, relief, rapture, and as he glanced, a strange look passed over Phoebe's face and a new light dawned in her eyes, transfiguring her as a sudden

ray of sunshine will enchant a dreary landscape. His own eyes swiftly followed hers as she gazed across the lawn over which two men were hurrying towards the house. He knew them at once; he had last seen them under his own roof in Réunion.

In an instant the flame of jealousy leaped up within him, overpowering every sense, every thought, with a force that was almost physical. Turning he ran blindly forward towards Dennis Dene, who, pistol in hand, still feebly scraped his muttering strings. There was a flash, a sharp report, and the madman dropped the smoking pistol and snatching up his violin ran to hide in a corner, as Anthony, staggering forward, threw up his arms, swerving heavily against the table before he fell face downwards to the ground and lay still. For a few moments there was no sound in the room save the ape-like gibberings of the old man, hugging his violin to his breast as if it had been a child, while he cowered in his corner for terror of the lifeless heap upon the floor. Then came the noise of heavy blows upon the oaken door, which presently yielded, and two men burst into the room.

A year and more had passed. The April sunshine lay warm and gracious over the woods of Quarr, whence you may behold the stretching blue sea off the Isle of Wight, and even guess at the existence of Ryde lying below. The primroses grew like stars of earth with a verdant halo, and the frail white wood-anemones trembled even before the soft caress of the mild spring wind.

Phoebe Holson sat among the flowers with her back against a mossy trunk, and her whole attention seemingly centred on breaking a dead twig into as many fragments as possible. At a little distance sat Mrs. Crumb, who had been decoyed thither

with much cunning argument. The chaperon did not like woods; she considered that they harboured damp and insects, and were accordingly places to be avoided. However, with a strong camp-stool to sit upon, a rug beneath her feet, and a camphor-bag to defy the insects, Mrs. Crumb was fairly at ease.

"Don't you think it's about time we went home now?" inquired Phœbe.

"My dear," answered Mrs. Crumb in a resigned tone suggestive of long patience, "this is the sixth time you have asked me that question within the past three-quarters of an hour. Even if Mr. Strong had managed to catch that train from London, I do not see how he could possibly have contrived to be in time for the boat from Portsmouth, what with his luggage to see after, and so on. We can remain here quite safely for another hour, I am sure."

We almost invariably judge of other people's actions by our own in similar circumstances, and there existed no doubt at all in Mrs. Crumb's mind that she would have missed the boat in question. Having forgotten, however, that she was not a lover hastening to his mistress, she was proportionately surprised to hear a quick firm step coming towards them, and to see Phœbe start forward with a joyful little cry as Hugh Strong pushed his way through the bushes. Mrs. Crumb had her full share of human curiosity, and she would have dearly liked to see the meeting, but she was very kindly, and moreover not without a certain unsuspected vein of romance; therefore she discreetly averted her head, and quite a respectable addition to her scrap of knitting had been made before she again permitted her looks to wander towards the couple who were now advancing towards her. She was not, however, gratified with

any length of conversation, for the lovers soon wandered off together again.

"I have got *it* in my pocket," said Hugh as they turned away.

"What?" asked Phœbe, for he had laid much emphasis upon the pronoun.

"Have you forgotten?" he asked reproachfully, as he drew a little box from his pocket, and showed her a plain gold ring, at the sight of which the colour flushed in her face, and mounted almost to the tips of her little ears.

"You are looking quite well again now, Phœbe, and very pretty," observed Hugh with critical appreciation. "Except that your hair is short, you look almost the same as when I first saw you."

She turned her face towards him. "Do I?" she asked. "Doesn't it seem strange though, Hugh, that such terrible things should happen to one,—I mean that one should live through so much trouble—and still look just the same, as if one were a bit of wood or stone? Anthony dead in such an awful way, and poor Uncle Dennis; and then all my trouble——" she broke off with a little quiver in her voice, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Don't think of those things now, dear," urged Hugh anxiously; "forget them like some bad dream. The past is over, and done with; think of the future, Phœbe—the future, when you and I will be always together!"

"I do think of it," she answered, laying her hand in his; "I do think of it very often, Hugh, but sometimes I get almost frightened lest it should be that which is the dream; lest I should wake and find the past reality, as in my illness when I seemed to see you going always across the Denehurst lawn with Mr. Bryant, and always passing out of sight."

"Well, I'm not a dream at any rate," replied Hugh, who was a very

practical young man; "I'm solid enough, and I haven't the least fear myself that the future will be unreal either. I expect to find it uncommonly pleasant after the past; for really when one remembers——"

"You have only just been ordering me to forget," she said with a smile; "and here you are recalling all sorts of things yourself! At any rate the past will serve to make us more thankful for each other now."

"I couldn't possibly be more thankful, past or no past," said Hugh decidedly. "But talking of the present, I had a letter from Mason Sawbridge this morning which rather concerns you."

"What is it about?" she asked anxiously.

"Nothing to worry you. Merely a question for your own decision. He wants to know where we propose living."

"Where *do* you propose living?" she inquired. "Have you ever thought about it?"

"I'm afraid I haven't troubled about anything beyond the honeymoon," he answered a little shamefacedly. "I have planned all that; the Italian lakes, and Milan, and Venice of course, and Naples and Rome and——"

"But what does Mason wish me to decide?" she asked, laughing at his eagerness.

"Oh, he wants to travel himself for a year or two, says his health has suffered of late and so forth, and that he has been ordered change. To tell you the truth, Phœbe, you and I are not the only people who have been affected by the past, I fancy. He wants to know if you would like Denehurst shut up, or if you are going to live there."

"Why doesn't he do as he pleases?" inquired Phœbe.

"You see, dear," answered Hugh, "your cousin Anthony left you sole legatee of everything he died possessed of, except an outlying farm which I believe went to Sawbridge; so your late cousin's share of Denehurst belongs to you, and you have an equal voice with Sawbridge in the matter."

"What would you like to do?" she asked a little anxiously.

"I should like to please you," he answered promptly; "so long as you are with me, I don't mind where we live."

She pondered for a little. "I was very unhappy there," she said at last, "but very happy too; yes, if the place has sad memories about it, there are bright ones as well. Let us go and live there, Hugh, at any rate for a time."

And so the matter was settled. After a very quiet wedding, in a little country church in the island, Hugh and Phœbe went abroad, and when autumn came again, it found Denehurst once more inhabited. Youth is supple and can throw off a clogging memory with an elasticity which is the greatest envy of maturer years. To Phœbe and her husband the storms of the past served only to make the later sunshine more radiant.

Joy, pure and perfect, untouched by a suspicion of regret, untinted by the memory of a reverse, is a thing most rarely vouchsafed in this ancient world; but from the joy that has passed through sorrow, there is born a more perfect fullness and a clearer vision and in such as this did Hugh and his wife rejoice.

Between them lay no shadow and no secret, save one,—for Hugh faithfully kept the secret of Saint Florel.

THE END.

FROM FAR CATHAY.¹

IN the early part of last year there was issued from the office of THE STRAITS TIMES a volume of articles which had from time to time appeared in that journal. The author, Mr. Clifford, is a Government official of several years' standing in the Native States Civil Service, whose principal title to literary fame has hitherto rested upon his share in the publication of a commentary upon the Malay language. This latter work has had the misfortune to excite a good deal of hostile criticism in the Straits; and no doubt it is open to objection on more than one side. That an official, upon whom devolves the chief responsibility of government in a half-civilised State, may find it difficult to devote the time necessary to the production of a really perfect dictionary may readily be conceded; it may also be admitted that the compilers display a far from exhaustive acquaintance with the Dutch language, as also with the Arabic and other Eastern tongues. It is, however, a fact, which no one having any pretensions to acquaintance with that part of the world can truthfully deny, that the work, whether it should be classed as a dictionary of the Malay language or as a commentary upon it, has a very real value and displays almost an extraordinary knowledge of the vocabulary of the natives. In these circumstances it is possible that some observations on this collection of sketches by an Englishman whose personal acquaintance with Malay habits and speech is beyond dispute

might be found interesting in this country. The book is practically unknown here, and is likely, for the present at all events, to remain so; we propose, therefore, to make extracts from those portions of it which exhibit in a concentrated form some of the more salient points of Malay life and character, and to attempt such comment upon the author's views as may seem either desirable or necessary in the interest of the reader.

The work is professedly concerned mainly with the people and the countries on the east coast of the Malay Peninsula, but the general remarks upon the condition of affairs antecedent to British interference in States now ruled by British officials are not the least interesting part of it. Until 1875 the condition of the natives in the Malay Peninsula presented a curiously close parallel to that of the Western nations during the Middle Ages, both as regards the tenure of the land by which they lived, and also in respect of the absolute power of the monarch. The whole Peninsula was divided into many small States, each ruled by its own Sultan under a feudal system, the details of which nearly resembled that which prevailed in medieval Europe. The Rajah was paramount, and all those who dwelt within his territory were his absolute slaves. He could claim their lives, their children, their women, and dispose of any or all of them as he chose. The whole country was technically his property, and for convenience of government was divided into districts

¹ EAST COAST ETCHINGS; by Hugh Clifford. Singapore, 1896.

which were granted in fief to individuals who were either favourites of the King or sprung from the royal blood. These were known in the vernacular as the *Orang Bésar*, or Great Chiefs; and they held their fiefs on a tenure almost identical with that which used to prevail in Britain, the chief duties being those of homage and military service. Each district was subdivided into smaller baronies, and the baronies again into village communes, each barony and commune being held respectively on a similar tenure by its own chief. Under this system the principal sufferer was of course the *ryot*, or peasant, who was entirely in the power of the chiefs, possessed no rights either of person or property, and was forced to labour unremittingly for others to reap the reward.

Such a condition of society, with all its faults, undoubtedly also tended to produce the growth of the primitive virtues of industry, endurance, and personal courage; and when it was rudely swept away by the advent of British authority and British methods of administration, that disastrous result ensued which has elsewhere followed upon the hasty and ill-considered emancipation of the slave. Thus the Malay on the West Coast, where British protection has existed for twenty years, has become sadly dull and enervated. The gossip of the court, Mr. Clifford says, and the tales of evil daring which delighted his fathers, can scarcely now quicken his slackened pulses. His wooings have lost their spice of danger, and with it more than half their romance. He is as frankly profligate as his thin blood permits; but the dissipation in which he indulges only makes him a disreputable member of society, and calls for none of the manly virtues which make the Malay attractive to those who know him in

his truculent untamed state. These, be it remembered, are Mr. Clifford's words, and we therefore naturally turn to that one of his tales which serves to illustrate the state of things on the West Coast before the boot of the ubiquitous white man, to use his own phrase, had left its destroying mark upon Pèrak and Selangor. We find it in the *EXPERIENCES OF RAJAH HAJI HAMID*, where that worthy speaks lovingly of the old days in Selangor before the era of British protection. The Rajah is a typical Malay of the upper class, the class which has had everything to lose and little or nothing to gain by the inroad of the British. The reader, should he chance to be either a henpecked husband, or one of those who know, but love not, the New Woman and her ways, will have felt amusement, and perchance even envy, at the manner in which this Malay gentleman silenced his wife when she dared to upbraid him for personal extravagance. "I slapped her on the mouth," he tells us, "and said 'Be still!'—for it is not well for a man to suffer a woman to question the doings of men." This man was none of those who stick at trifles, but a man of decision and of action, scarcely perhaps what Carlyle would have dubbed a hero, but yet possessing some of the attributes of one. He shall tell his own tale.

I remember once, when I was for the moment rich with the spoils of war, I gambled all the evening in Klang and lost four thousand dollars. It mattered not at all on which quarter of the mat I staked, nor whether I staked *Ko-o, li-am, or tang*; I pursued the red half of the dice as one chases a dog, but never once did I fetch it. At last, when my four thousand dollars were finished, I arose and departed, and my liver was hot in my chest. [Thus is it printed; whether the author or the Haji is responsible for this curious statement in anatomy does not appear.] As I came out of the Farm, a Chinaman whom I knew, and who loved me, followed after me and

said, "Hai-yah, Ungku, you have lost much to-night. That man with whom you gambled was cheating you, for he has a trick whereby he can make the red part of the dice turn to whichever side of the mat he wills." "Is this true?" I asked; and he said, "It is indeed true."

Then I loosened my kris in its scabbard, and turned back into the Farm. First I seized the Chinaman by the pig-tail, and my followers gathered up all the money in the bank, near seven thousand dollars, so that it needed six men to carry it, and I then departed to my house, none daring to bar my passage.

When we had entered the house I bade the Chinaman be seated, and told him that I would kill him then and there if he did not show me the trick whereby he had cheated me. This he presently did, and for near two hours I sat watching him and practising, for I had a mind to learn the manner of this art, thinking that hereafter I might profit by it. Then, when the dawn was breaking, I led the Chinaman down to the river by the hand, for I was loth to make a mess within my house, and when I had cut his throat, and sent his body floating down stream, I washed myself, performed my ablutions before prayer, prayed, and went to my bed, for my eyes were heavy with sleep.

"*Kasih-an China!*" I said, "I am sorry for the Chinaman."

"Why are you sorry for him?" asked Rajah Haji. "He had cheated me, and it was not fitting that he should live; besides, he was a Chinaman, and we counted not their lives as being of any worth. In Kinta, before Mr. Birch went to Pérak, they had a game called *Main China*, each man betting on the number of the coins which a passing Chinaman carried in his pouch, and whether they were odd or even. Thereafter, when the bets had been made, they would kill the Chinaman and count the coins."

"They might have done that without killing the Chinaman," I said.

"It is true," rejoined Rajah Haji; "but it was a more certain way, and, moreover, it increased their pleasure."

So much for the Malay of the West Coast in the golden days of his natural and manly virtues which Mr. Clifford paints in such alluring colours in some parts of his book, and the decadence of which he so much deplores. Alas for the change that has

been wrought, which has abolished among other charms the mild and pleasing game known as *Main China*! On the East Coast, however, we learn that the Malay States are still what they profess to be, States in which the native element predominates, where the people still think boldly from right to left, and lead much the same lives as those which their forebears led before them.

It is with the condition of the people as it was until recently in the State of Pahang, and as it still is at this day under native rulers in Trénggānu, Kelantan, and the Northern States of the Malay Peninsula that most of these sketches are concerned. In these countries each man's life is of concern to himself alone, and that which animates the bodies of other people is a trivial thing in his eyes. Hence it came to pass that some eight or nine years ago murder was frequently done upon the slightest provocation. Young Chiefs were wont to take a life or two from pure light-heartedness, merely to show that they were beginning to feel their feet, and were growing up after a fashion that would not disgrace their ancestors. Nor did their parents reprove such actions very severely; for, in a rude state of society a Chief's power and length of life are dependent upon the awe with which he can inspire his followers. It is even said that some of the older men encouraged their sons to take a life, as a sort of finishing touch to their education. Thus inured to cruelty from early youth, it is no wonder if the Malay character is hard and unfeeling. They have little sympathy with physical pain, even if endured by human beings, and cannot readily be made to understand that men owe any duties to the lower animals. Thus we have seen Malays deliberately skinning a crocodile alive, not from

any special inclination to wanton cruelty, but merely because killing the creature would have meant staining part of the skin with blood, which was undesirable. For dogs, except for the purpose of hunting, the Malay has scarcely even tolerance, and affection, such as our people display towards the friend of man, is practically unknown. Merely to come in contact with a dog, especially if his coat be wet, is a violation of the Mahomedan religious law, and we have often experienced no small amusement at seeing some grave Malay shrink back and gather his scanty garments round him, when some canine member of our household has essayed a friendly greeting. The cat, however, is an almost universal pet, and in some native establishments there are almost as many cats as people. Moreover, cats are protected by the superstition Mr. Clifford mentions as being common among Malays, that, if one be killed, he who takes its life will in the next world be called upon to carry and pile logs of wood, as big as cocoa-nut trees, to the number of the hairs on the beast's body. Therefore cats are not killed; but if they become for any reason annoying to their owners, they are tied to a raft and sent floating down stream, to perish miserably of hunger. In spite of this, however, the Malays are not as a race cruel in the sports wherein animals take a part, and on the East Coast especially little objection can be raised to the manner in which either cock or bull-fights are conducted. Cock-fighting especially may be said to be universal; but, unlike both our own people not so very many years ago in England and the natives of the West Coast, to arm the birds with artificial spurs is regarded among Pahang Malays as both stupid and unsportsmanlike. Mr. Clifford gives a spirited descrip-

tion of a cock-fight, and his anecdote of a Malay Rajah will serve to illustrate in part what has been written above.

A cock-fight between two well-known birds is a serious affair in Pahang. The rival qualities of the combatants have furnished food for endless discussion for weeks or even months before, and every one of standing has visited and examined the cocks, and has made a book upon the event. On the day fixed for the fight a crowd collects before the palace, and some of the King's youths set up the cock-pit, which is a ring about three feet in diameter, enclosed by canvas walls supported on stakes driven into the ground. Presently the *Judra*, or cock-fighters, appear, each carrying his bird under his left arm. They enter the cock-pit, squat down, and begin pulling at and shampooing the legs and wings of their birds, in the manner which Malays believe loosens the muscles, and gets the reefs out of the cocks' limbs. Then the word is given to start the fight, and the birds, released, fly straight at one another, striking with their spurs and sending feathers flying in all directions. This lasts for perhaps three minutes, when the cocks begin to lose their wind, and the fight is carried on as much with their beaks as with their spurs. Each bird tries to get its head under its opponent's wing, running forward to strike at the back of its antagonist's head as soon as its own emerges from under its temporary shelter. This is varied by an occasional blow with the spurs, and the Malays herald each stroke with loud cries of approval. "*Bāsah, bāsah!* Thou hast wetted him! Thou hast drawn blood! *Ah itu dia!* That is it! That is a good one! *Ah sikit-lah itu!* Ah! that was a nasty one!" And the birds are exhorted to make fresh efforts amid occasional bursts of the shrill chorus of yells, called *sorak*, their backers cheering them on and crying to them by name. Presently time is called, the watch being a small section of coco-nut in which a hole has been bored, which is set floating on the surface of a jar of water, until it gradually becomes filled and sinks. At the word, each cock-fighter seizes his bird, drenches it with water, cleans out with a feather the phlegm which has collected in its throat, and shampoos its legs and body. Then, at the given word, the birds are again released, and they fly at one another with renewed energy. The beauty of the sport is that either bird can stop fighting

at any moment. They are never forced to continue the conflict if once they have acknowledged defeat by raising the back-feathers in the peculiar manner by which cocks declare themselves vanquished. The Malays regard these birds with immense respect, and value their fighting-cocks next to their children. A few years ago, a boy, who was in charge of a cock which belonged to a Rajah of my acquaintance, accidentally pulled some feathers from the bird's tail. "What did you do that for, devil?" cried the Rajah. "It was not done on purpose, Ungku," said the boy. "Thou art marvellous clever at repartee," quoth the Prince; and, so saying, he lifted a billet of wood, which chanced to be lying near at hand, and smote the boy on the head so that he died. "That will teach my people to have a care how they use my fighting-cocks!" said the Rajah; and that was his servant's epitaph. "It is a mere boyish prank," said the father of the young Rajah, when the matter was reported to him; "and moreover it is well that he should slay one or two with his own hand, else how should men learn to fear him?"

Very graphic also is the description of a buffalo-fight, and we can only regret to be unable to find room for it here. These fights are unique in their way, and in time to come it may be expected that they will be made illegal in the Peninsula as has been the case elsewhere with similar institutions. To pass a prohibitory regulation, however, without the full consent of the chiefs and people of Pahang, would be a breach of the understanding on which British protection was accepted by them. The Government is pledged not to interfere with native customs, and the sports in which animals are engaged are among the most cherished institutions of the people.

Close as is the proximity of the States on the East Coast, yet the people who inhabit Trënggānu and Kelantan differ in several important particulars, not only of appearance and costume, but also of dialect and character, from the Pahang Malay. The latter, in his unregenerate state,

thinks chiefly of war, intrigue, and the sports which his religion holds to be sinful. The teaching of Islam holds that it is morally wrong to set one animal to fight with another; but as many Christians at home love to indulge in the strong drink which causes them to disobey the tenets of their religion, so also the Malay, follower of Mahomet though he professes to be, loves sport of any kind. No one knows the Pahang Malay better than Mr. Clifford, and the character he gives him of a gambler and a brawler will be acknowledged by most Europeans who have visited the country. That he is arrogant to excess is a fact so well known that, even among Malays, he of Pahang has become a byword for this quality, just as is the Kelantan Malay for dishonesty, or the native of Menangkābau for boastfulness. Nor is he by any means ashamed of his reputation, being overweeningly proud of himself, his country, and his people. Ignorant, unintellectual, and irreligious, Mr. Clifford admits him to be. Indeed his attendance at the mosque has to be enforced by the infliction of fines for any absence which cannot be justified to the Headman of his village. Nevertheless he has many good qualities, being bold and reckless, sensitive on points which concern his private honour, and a kind, and often too indulgent, father. He is generally loyal to his chief, though too prone to take offence, and where he really trusts is a true and faithful friend. His religion has taught him to be clean in his habits, and he is most particular with regard to the preparation of his simple food, while he is a cheerful companion and fond of a jest if not made at his own expense. Work he hates, but yet, as Mr. Clifford says, if when promises and persuasion have failed, the magic word *krah* is whispered in his ears,

he will come without a murmur, and work really hard for no pay, bringing with him his own supply of food. Krah, it may be said, is the system of forced labour which is a State perquisite in Malay countries, although it is seldom exercised in States protected by the British Government. When, however, some public work is urgent, the British magistrates do not hesitate to avail themselves of this most useful and economical custom. Nor does the Malay resent it, as our own people would undoubtedly do. On the contrary, an ancestral instinct seems to prompt him to a cheerful compliance, when on no other terms whatever would he permit himself to do a stroke of work.

The natives of Trěnggānu are of a very different type from the men of Pahang, and are above all things men of peace. So long as they are allowed to make money, to study, and to earn a livelihood unmolested, they are content, nor are they ever disturbed by that excessive loyalty which is a feature in the character of the people of Pahang. From earliest infancy the Trěnggānu Malay grows up in an atmosphere of books, money, and trade, and learns to bargain and haggle for the goods in which he deals. As the man of Kelantan bears among Malays the reputation of being a thief, so he of Trěnggānu is known for an unscrupulous liar, where the exigencies of barter make lying desirable. The inhabitants of Trěnggānu love religious and learned discussions of all kinds, while such sinful sports as cock-fights, bull-fights, gambling, and the like, are forbidden by law. In spite of all this, however, they do not really lead lives in any degree more clean than is customary among other Malays.

The native of Kelantan, again, is

coarser grained than any other Malay. He is neither so self-respecting nor so sensitive as are other natives of the Peninsula, and is excessively good-natured, and stolid. He is usually plain of face, and ungainly of body, and has been not inaptly compared to his own native buffalo, if the sole quality of good temper, for which that animal is by no means distinguished, be excepted. His physical strength is often remarkable, and he will pole or paddle a boat for many hours at a stretch without those constant excuses for stopping which generally render a river-journey in the Peninsula so insufferably tedious. But perhaps his stupidity is that feature of his character which most strongly impresses itself upon the European observer. Even the blank stare of the English yokel when asked an unexpected question fades into nothingness as compared with the look of appalling vacancy which over-spreads the visage of a true Kelantan when addressed by the *Orang Pătch*, or white man. This no doubt may be attributed in part to the difference in dialect, but only in part, for it is noticeable that the children are far readier of intelligence. His neighbours, according to Mr. Cliford, distinguish him for a different quality.

To his neighbours, however, all the other remarkable characteristics of the Kelantan Malay are completely overshadowed by his reputation as a thief among thieves. In vain have successive generations of Kelantan Rajahs cut off the hands, feet, and heads of detected or suspected burglars and robbers: in vain have all sorts of stratagems been adopted by travellers as precautions against thieves: and in vain have the families of a convicted man been punished for the deeds of their relation. Men with flocks and herds, and paddy swamps, and fruit-orchards, steal if they get the chance just as much as does the indigent peasant who has sold his last child into slavery for three dollars in cash.

In the sketch entitled A TALE OF A THEFT, Mr. Clifford gives a striking and powerful picture of the penalty which a Malay thief, real or suspected, may have to pay for his detection. The horrors of the Bastille or the Inquisition are not without a parallel in the Peninsula. Indeed the former may almost be said to fade into insignificance beside the terrors of a Malay prison. We cannot quote the hideous details here. That such things exist we may not doubt: that they should be known to those who may, now or hereafter, have the power to abolish them is desirable; but nothing is gained by shocking and disgusting the average reader. Suffice it here to say that it was with bitter disappointment that we reached the end of the sketch and learned from Mr. Clifford's closing sentences that he had himself been an eye-witness of the misery of the wretch whose tale he tells, but yet had left him there unaided and unfreed.

Trénggānu and Kelantan, as well as the other Northern States, are generally held to be subject to the overlordship of Siam. They still claim to be independent, however, though they send the *bunga āmas*, or golden flower, to Bangkok once in three years. This tribute consists of two ornamental plants with leaves and flowers, fashioned from gold and silver, and their value is estimated at about five thousand dollars, which at the present rate would be equal to about £500 of English money. The sum necessary to defray the cost of these gifts is raised by means of a poll-tax, to which every adult male contributes; and the presents sent in return from Bangkok are of precisely the same value, and of course become the property of the Rajah. While, however, the Siamese maintain that the golden flower is a direct admission of suzerainty on the part of the Rajah

who sends it, the Malay Chiefs entirely deny this, and hold that it is merely a token of friendship and alliance.

Of the thirteen sketches of which the book consists, the palm must, we think, be awarded to HIS HEART'S DESIRE and THE STORY OF BĀYAN THE PAROQUET. These are in a peculiar way typical of the country and the people, and on their literary side they are certainly the pick of the collection. The former is the tale of an intrigue between one of the Sultan's followers and no less a person than the Sultan's daughter herself. The horrible fate which befell the luckless Awang Ītam, and how he and his master were sacrificed upon the altar of a woman's ungovernable vanity, are admirably related. The atmosphere which surrounds a Malay Court is well indicated in the following passage:

Tuan Bāngau's position was a curious one. He did not desire Tāngku Ūteh for herself; she was his King's daughter, and the wife of a royal husband; and his duty and his interest forbade him to accept her advances. If his intrigue with her was discovered, he was a ruined, if not a dead man, and moreover, he was at this time devoted to another girl whom he had recently married. The challenge which had been conveyed to him, however, was one which in spite of all these things, his code of honour made it impossible for him to refuse. The extreme danger which lay in such an intrigue gave him no choice but to accept it. That was his point of view. "His honour rooted in dishonour stood," and no self-respecting Malay, brought up in the poisonous atmosphere of an independent Malay State, could admit of any other opinion.

From the other story we will quote a passage which serves to render yet closer the comparison our author loves to draw between the condition of things as it was until recently among the Malays and that which existed in Europe in the days of chivalry.

Báyan the Paroquet was what is technically termed a *Peng-lipor Lara*, or Soother of Cares, a class of men which is fast dying out in the Peninsula, as other medieval landmarks become effaced. These people are simply the wandering bards and minstrels, who find their place in an Independent Malay State as naturally as did their prototypes in the countries of Europe during the Middle Ages. They learn by rote some old-world tale, which has been transmitted by word of mouth through countless generations, and they wander from village to village singing it for pay to the unlettered people, to whom these songs and stories represent the only literature which comes within their experience. Such minstrels are greatly loved by the villagers, who hold them in high honour, giving them hearty welcome, and the name by which they are known in the vernacular bears witness to the joy which they bring with them whithersoever they go. Báyan's real name was Mat Sâmán, but we always called him Báyan, which means the Paroquet, because the tale which he sang told of the wonderful doings of a prince who was transformed into a fabulous bird called the Búrong Ágot, and whose attendants were the Paroquet and the Pied-robin (*Márai*).

The rest of the tale relates how Báyan was brutally murdered in cold blood by the Rajah's son whose jealousy he had provoked, a boy described as a "nice-looking youngster, with a slight lisp, a manner as soft as floss-silk, and always smartly dressed in pretty Malay garments."

Leaving now these anecdotes of the evil ways of the nobility, let us take a peep at the description of an ordinary wedding among the people which is given in the tale entitled ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE. The exigencies of space, we should say, have compelled us slightly to abridge Mr. Clifford's spirited narrative.

One day in July, 1893, a feast in honour of a wedding was being held, and the scene was a lively one. The head and skin of a buffalo, and the pools of blood which showed where its carcase had been dismembered, were a prominent feature in the foreground. In one part of the village two men were posturing in one of the

inane sword-dances which are so dear to all Malays, each performance being a subject of keen criticism or hearty admiration to the spectators. The drums and gongs meanwhile beat a rhythmical time, which makes the heaviest heels long to move more quickly, and the onlookers whooped and yelled from time to time in shrill far-sounding chorus. . . . All the men present were dressed in many-coloured silks and tartans, and were armed with daggers. . . . In a *Bálai* specially erected for the purposes of the feast, a number of priests, and pilgrims, and *Uhai*, that class of fictitious religious mendicants whose members are usually some of the richest men in the villages they inhabit, were seated gravely intoning the Koran but stopping to chew betel-nut, and to gossip scandalously, at frequent intervals. . . . The bride of course having been dressed in her best, and loaded with gold ornaments, borrowed from many miles around, which had served to deck every bride in the district ever since any one could remember, was left seated on the *gêta*, or raised sleeping platform, in the dimly-lighted inner apartments, there to await the ordeal known to Malay cruelty as *sanding*. The bride and bridegroom,—who are officially supposed never to have seen one another before, though no Malay who respects himself ever allows his *fiancée* to be finally selected until he has crept under her house in the night time and watched her through the bamboo flooring, or through the chinks in the wattled walls—are then brought together for the first time. They are led forth by their respective relations, and placed side by side upon a dais prepared for the purpose, where they remain seated for hours, while the guests eat a feast in their presence, and thereafter chant verses from the Koran. During this ordeal they must sit motionless, no matter how their cramped legs may ache and throb, and their eyes must remain downcast and fixed upon their hands, which, scarlet with henna, lie motionless one on each knee. . . . It is a point of honour for the man to try to catch an occasional glimpse of his *fiancée* out of the corner of his eyes, without turning his head a hair's breadth, and without appearing to move an eyelash. The bridegroom is conducted to the house of his bride, there to sit in state, by a band of his relations and friends, some of whom sing shrill verses from the Koran, while others rush madly ahead, charging, retreating, capering, dancing, yelling, and hooting, brandishing naked weapons, and engaging in a most

realistic sham fight with the bride's relations and friends, who rush out of her compound to meet them, and do not suffer themselves to be routed until they have made a fine show of resistance. This custom doubtless, has its origin in the fact that, in primitive states of society, a man must seek a wife at his risk and peril, for among the *Sakai* in some of the wilder parts of the country, the girl is still placed upon an ant-hill and ringed about by her relations, who do not suffer her *fiancé* to win her until his head has been broken in several places.

It is time now to bring this paper to a close. What we have written may serve to show our readers where they may find for themselves much attractive and unhackneyed detail of a wild country, as yet removed from the beaten track, and enough should have been said to prove that these sketches are interesting even exceedingly, and that they indicate the possession by the author of both ability and wide experience.

Yet they leave out much that would delight the reader who seeks enlightenment upon the customs and the character of a people rather in the incidents of their domestic life than in tales of extraordinary horror,

though told by the most graphic pen. Most of them are frankly brutal, and amid much that charms we cannot help regretting that the author should have devoted his gifts and knowledge rather to compiling a sort of Malay Newgate Calendar, than to the delineation of the sights and sounds of a pleasing and elevating nature with which his memory ought, by his own account, to teem. Mr. Clifford speaks in the strongest terms of his deep personal affection for the Malay, and almost moves his reader to tears by the pathos with which he writes of the pains of separation from the people of his adoption. Yet the tales he tells are tales not of high emprise, not of great nobility of character, nor of self-sacrifice and personal devotion, but stories of rapine, blood, and lust. Let us hope that on some future day he will entertain us with other etchings showing the face rather than the reverse of the medal, and illustrating that lighter and brighter side of the Malay character for which, and doubtless with good reason, he professes so much admiration.

LITERATURE AND MUSIC.

MR. RUSKIN has said that not to be able to sing should be accounted more disgraceful than not to be able to read or write. If he had said that every author who goes out of his way to deal with music and musical subjects should take some means to make himself acquainted with the technical details of the art, he would have said something more reasonable. One of our leading novelists has lately declared that he does not know one note from another, and what is more, that he cannot be taught. The frankness of the confession is commendable; and one can only regret that an equally modest avowal of ignorance, where ignorance exists, does not show itself more generally in a practical way. It used to be a crying complaint with Wagner that by nobody was he so completely misunderstood as by his literary admirers who wrote rhapsodies about his music. A glance through the fiction and general literature of the day would show that music, speaking broadly, fares as badly at the hands of our English writers as ever Wagner fared at the hands of his eulogists.

Nobody is to blame for being ignorant of the technicalities of an art which he has not learned; but everybody is to blame who wilfully writes about what he does not understand. Law is recognised as a universal snare for the novelist, but music seems almost as dangerous as law. In their allusions to the musical art our novelists commit the most amazing blunders with the most serene conscience, blunders of which any schoolgirl would be ashamed, and from which no more trouble than is

necessary to turn over the leaves of a dictionary of music might have saved them. One novelist, for example, makes his hero a soprano; another pictures a Scottish Highlander sitting on the roadside singing a Jacobite song and accompanying himself on the bagpipe. Mr. Marion Crawford has ascribed *LA FAVORITA* to Verdi, a feat paralleled by Mr. Black in setting a lady down to a piano to play Beethoven's *FAREWELL*, a composition unknown to that musician's many admirers. Mr. Black has again distinguished himself by describing one of his heroines as playing an unheard of and impossible sonata of Mozart's in *A sharp major*. One of the early Popes stigmatised the innocent scale of *C major* as lascivious, and banished it from the music of the Church. One can understand Mr. Black's key of *A sharp major* being placed on the *index expurgatorius* of the musician, for the ten sharps which would be required to make up its signature would frighten a *Diabolus* among piano players. Even Charles Reade, who really did know something about music, at any rate about old violins, was on dangerous ground when he ventured on details of musical technique. In *PEG WOFFINGTON*, for example, he makes the famous actress whistle a quick movement upon a huge paste ring, and then tells how Mr. Cibber was confounded by "this sparkling *adagio*." No wonder Mr. Cibber was confounded; a quick movement which is at the same time an *adagio* is enough to confound anybody. Nor are Englishmen the only offenders. Victor Hugo in *LES MISÉRABLES*, has three violins and a

flute playing some of Haydn's quartets at a wedding. The combination is curious enough in all conscience, and certainly Haydn never wrote for any such quartet of instruments. Aristotle held that the moral effect of a flute is bad and exciting; what it might be when combined with three violins we can only guess.

These examples might be multiplied a hundredfold, but they are not the proper business of this paper, which is really to consider the attitude of some of our leading authors towards music, their knowledge of it, their tastes, whims, antipathies. Alphonse Daudet has told us that, generally speaking, literary people have a horror of music. There seems to be no good reason why they should, unless the music comes from the street or from their next door neighbour, in which case they may be excused for sharing the opinion of Gautier that music makes the most disagreeable of noises. It is true that in certain circumstances there may be grounds for some variance between music and letters, between Hortensio the musician and Lucentio the philosopher. Hortensio wanted to put his fiddle first and the lecture afterwards; Lucentio desired to have the harmony only between the pauses of his reading. If one could have the music always at the pauses there might be less objection to it on the part of literary workers; but unhappily the conditions of modern life seldom permit of such a nice arrangement, and too often divine Cecilia comes, not to soothe the savage breast, but to incite it to further deeds of savagery. However, that again is not our story now.

Probably no celebrated writer has shown a more intelligent interest in music than De Quincey, notwithstanding that he has made several curious slips in the course of his various incursions on the subject. In

his childhood he was well acquainted with the old English glees and madrigals, with the concertos of Corelli, and with a few selections from Jomelli and Cimarosa which far more profoundly affected him. In his autobiography he tells us that he had long been familiar with Handel through the famous chorus-singers of Lancashire, who continually brought forward at the churches the most effective parts from his chief oratorios. Mozart was yet to come, for, except perhaps at the Opera in London, his music even at this time was most imperfectly known in England. But De Quincey's favourite seems to have been Cherubini, that dreary old pedant who for so many years ruled the destinies of the Paris Conservatoire. Guardian B., it will be remembered, had a horse which the music of the French master irritated to madness, and which, if anybody then mounted him, would seek relief to his wounded feelings in kicking violently for an hour. The effect on De Quincey was totally different when, at the house of this same guardian, he heard a long canon of Cherubini's. "It was sung by four male voices, and rose into a region of thrilling passion, such as my heart had always dimly craved and hungered after, but which now first interpreted itself as a physical possibility to my ear." And yet who thinks of listening to Cherubini in these days? De Quincey would have had scant respect for the musical sympathies of Scott and Burns in their circumscribed liking for the national airs of their country. A song, an air, a tune,—how, he exclaims, could that by possibility offer a field of compass sufficient for the development of great musical effects? A hunting-box and a park-lodge may have a forest grace and the beauty of appropriateness; but what if a man should match such a bauble against the Pantheon, or

against the minsters of York and Strasburg? In short, the conclusion of De Quincey is this, that the man who finds the maximum of his musical gratification in a song may be assured, by this one fact, that his sensibility is rude and undeveloped. Yet exactly upon this level was the ordinary state of musical feeling throughout England at that time.

De Quincey's own tastes in music were at any rate sufficiently catholic. In *THE CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER* he tells of his going to the Italian Opera to hear Grassini when choke-full of laudanum; and he used to say, during his last years in Edinburgh, that if ever again he visited the metropolis he hoped to renew a practical acquaintance with the Opera. The "clamorous instruments and the tyranny of the violins" in most orchestras he did not like, but the orchestra at the Opera was distinguished "by its sweet and melodious grandeur" from all English orchestras. In these days most people would not mind the tyranny of the violins if only the clamorous instruments could be silenced. There is a very interesting account of De Quincey's musical leanings from the pen of the Reverend Francis Jacox in Dr. Japp's *Life*. "Fond as he was of music," says Mr. Jacox, speaking of the time at Lasswade, "he was not often in the room while the two younger of his daughters sang or played during my stay, but he was a good listener for all that in his den down stairs, and would comment upon his favourites among their pieces when he joined us. Devout was his reverence for Beethoven. Mendelssohn he had not as yet come really to admire; not even the *SONGS WITHOUT WORDS* seemed to come home to his heart. Bellini was so far a favourite with him that he often asked his daughters, Florence and Emily, to give him the well-worn *Deh Conte*,

nor would he tire of gems from *DON GIOVANNI*, or of *Questo semplice*, or of such time-tried strains as *Time hath not turned, Oh lovely peace, By limpid streams*," &c.

That De Quincey had not come to admire Mendelssohn we may readily believe, not only from the unsympathetic way in which he has dealt with that composer's music, but from the various errors into which he has fallen regarding both it and the master himself. It was perhaps a small matter that he should attribute the oratorio of SAINT PAUL to Spohr; but how are we to excuse him for making Mendelssohn a worshipper in the synagogue, and mistaking his grandfather, the famous philosopher, for his father? After this, the admirers of Mendelssohn are not likely to be greatly disturbed by De Quincey's assertion that the music to *ANTIGONE* was horribly bad, and that in any revival of the play the chorus had better sing the hundredth psalm. Nor are these his only blunders. We have seen how he admired Beethoven; what does he mean by this? "Let," he says, "any person of musical sensibility listen to the exquisite music composed by Beethoven as an opening for Bürger's *LEONORE*, the running idea of which is the triumphal return of a crusading host, decorated with laurels and with palms, within the gates of their native city, and say whether the presiding feeling in the midst of this tumultuous festivity be not, by infinite degrees, transcendent to anything so vulgar as hilarity." De Quincey was an adept at reading pictures into music,—witness his fine description of the opening of Handel's Coronation Anthem in *THE CONFESSIONS OF AN OPIUM EATER*—and it is therefore to be regretted that one cannot make out to what work of Beethoven's he refers in this quotation. The only *LEONORE* by Beethoven, except the music to *Fi-*

DELIO with the LEONORE overtures, is the music to Dunker's drama, LEONORE PROHASKA, for which no overture seems to have been written, and which, in any case, was not published in De Quincey's time. Beethoven certainly had nothing to do with Bürger's LEONORE. It is evidently another instance of De Quincey's inaccuracy in details; but he must have had some work of Beethoven's in his mind, and it would be interesting to know what it was.

Dr. Johnson's views on music are tolerably well known. Of musicians as a class he seems to have thought as little as he thought of actors, though he never went so far as Carlyle in describing them as "a sort of windbaggy people." The pursuit of music, according to his idea, was "a method of employing the mind without the labour of thinking at all, and with some applause from a man's self." Yet he was willing to admit that the practice of music in certain of its departments involved something quite as arduous in its way as the labour of thinking. The playing of the fiddle, for example, he held to be an exceptionally meritorious performance. In all other things we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron if you give him a hammer, not so well as a smith certainly, but still tolerably. A man will saw a piece of wood and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddle-stick, and he can do nothing. Whether Johnson himself had ever tried the fiddle, it is impossible to say. He admitted to Boswell that he once bought a flageolet, but never made out a tune, which was perhaps just as well, in view of his statement that, "if he had learned music he should have been afraid he would have done nothing else but play." As a matter of fact Johnson had no musical sense whatever; and

as for his knowledge of the art, we have the assurance of Boswell that this extended no further than being able to tell a drum from a trumpet and a bagpipe from a guitar. It is true we have the statement of Burney, the historian of music, that Johnson, not six months before his death, had asked to be taught "at least the alphabet of your language." But neither Burney nor any one else could have made anything of the man who had declared that music excited in his mind no ideas, and hindered him from contemplating his own. Even the one partiality of Johnson is almost an argument against his musical taste; for the man who proclaims his fondness for the bagpipe and makes a habit of standing with his ear close to the great drone must be hopeless in a musical sense. Sydney Smith thought one might as well speak of playing on an iron foundry as of playing on the bagpipe, and Leigh Hunt's idea of martyrdom was to be tied to a stake within a hundred yards of a stout-lunged piper. Yet Johnson could take the warlike instrument close to his ear without wincing. "I told him," said Boswell on one occasion, "that it [music] affected me to such a degree as often to agitate my nerves painfully, producing in my mind alternate sensations of pathetic dejection, so that I was ready to shed tears, and of daring resolution, so that I was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle." "Sir," was the answer, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool."

Goethe seems to have been as little qualified for music as Johnson, but he, too, had some desire to acquire the new sense. Every morning in the autumn of 1830 he had a music lesson of an advanced kind from Mendelssohn. The composer would play to him for an hour pieces by all the great masters in chronological order, and then ex-

plain what each master had done to further the art. All the time, as we read, he would sit in a dark corner, like a Jupiter Tonans, with his old eyes flashing fire. At first he would not venture on Beethoven at all. But when Mendelssohn declared he could not help it, and played the first movement of the C minor Symphony, he remarked: "That causes no emotion; it is only astonishing and grandiose;" and then, again, after muttering away to himself, he observed: "That is very grand, quite wild, enough to bring the house about one's ears; and what must it be when all the people [that is, the full orchestra] are playing it at once." Here was quite a new style of criticism. In truth Goethe ought to have been more musical than he was, for his intimate relations with Zelter, a professional musician of some note, brought him into frequent contact with the art. At the most, however, he was interested only in the scientific and philosophical side of music, and had nothing of that passion for it which he had for painting and plastic art. In his old age he seems to have lost any regard for it which he may at one time have had; "Music," he wrote to Zelter, "which is your life, is almost completely vanishing from my unpractical sense." The position of Goethe's great disciple, Carlyle, was pretty much the same. One can hardly imagine Carlyle sitting out a concert with patience, and we know how he used to deal with the organ-grinders. Yet he has written about music sympathetically enough in one or two places. In his *HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP*, for example, he says: "The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into

that." Perhaps nothing finer than this was ever said about music, but we are not necessarily to take it as Carlyle's own personal feeling. He, at any rate, had nothing of the enthusiasm for music which was entertained by that other master of his, Jean Paul Richter, who, indeed, wrote about it as but few other men have written. After he became blind it was his greatest source of comfort. Schumann revered him and averred that he learned more from him than from his music-master. It is said that before he met Clara Wieck, the composer was engaged to a lady whom he discarded because her enthusiasm for Jean Paul was not red-hot like his own; but that story is at least doubtful.

Scott's musical qualifications, or rather his lack of them, are set forth in no uncertain manner in his fragment of autobiography. His mother was anxious that all her children should at least learn psalmody, but the incurable defects of young Walter's voice and ear soon drove the teacher to despair. The good man would never allow that his pupil was in the same position as Elia with regard to a musical ear, but contended that if Scott did not understand music it was because he did not choose to learn it. This view of the question is, however, rather shaken by the story told of Lady Cumming, one of Mr. Scott's neighbours in George's Square. When the music-master was attending his pupils, Lady Cumming sent to beg that the boys might not all be flogged precisely at the same hour, as, though she had no doubt the punishment was deserved, the noise of the concord was really dreadful. If Landor had only known this it might have saved him from making the foolish assertion, afterwards ridiculed by Lockhart, that Scott had composed and sung a certain triumphal song. Scott never

sang a song in his life, says Lockhart, and nobody has ever wished to gainsay him.

But although Scott was thus totally deficient in the matter of voice and ear, he was not without some taste in music. Like Mackenzie's Montauban he had a keen relish for the songs of his native land, because in them there was a simplicity and an expression which he could understand. Few things, he has himself said, delighted him more than a simple tune sung with feeling, notwithstanding that even this pitch of musical taste had only been gained by attention and habit, and, as it were, by his feeling of the words being associated with the tune. "I cannot bear," he wrote, "to hear a young person sing without feeling and expression suited to the song. I cannot bear a voice that has no more life in it than a pianoforte or a bugle-horn." He liked to hear his daughters sing an old song, or one of his own lyrics; but, as Lockhart tells us, if the singer appeared to feel the spirit of her ballad, he was not at all critical of the technical execution. He followed the ancient melodies which Mrs. Lockhart sang to her harp, almost, in Mr. Adolphus's words, as if joining in an act of religion. To other musical performers he was a dutiful and sometimes a pleased listener. He speaks in his diary of having enjoyed the splendid treat of hearing Mrs. Arkwright sing her own music: "No forced vagaries of the voice, no caprices of tone, but all telling upon and increasing the feeling the words require. This is 'marrying music to immortal verse.' Most people place them on separate maintenance." Classical and mere abstract music always failed to appeal to him. When some young ladies give him pretty music of this kind he has nothing to say for it, except to declare again that he does not know and

cannot utter a note, and that complicated harmonies are to him but a battle of confused though pleasing sounds. He repeats, with evident glee, the story of Mozart dissuading Michael Kelly from devoting himself to the dry and abstract study of counterpoint to the neglect of melody. For his own part, as he admits in *THE QUARTERLY REVIEW*, whenever detected, in spite of his snuff-box, with closed eyes during some piece of abstruse harmony he renounced his former apologies, and boldly avowed, with Congreve's Jeremy, that although he had a reasonable ear for a jig, your cantatas gave him the spleen. The psalmody which he could not perform himself, he liked to hear others perform; only, if it was Scotch psalmody he thought it best to have it, as one should have the bagpipe, at a distance: "The grunt and the snivel and the whine and the scream should all be blended in that deep and distant sound, which, rising and falling like the *Æolian* harp, may have some title to be called the praise of our Maker."

There is a curious story, told by Scott himself, which shows that if, like Johnson, he could make nothing of the violin practically, he was not altogether unsuccessful theoretically. Being engaged in a legal case where the purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed upon as to its value, Scott found it necessary to prepare himself by reading everything about fiddles that he could lay his hands on; and having got the name of Stradivarius, Amati, and other noted makers glibly on his tongue, he went swimmingly through his case. Not long after this he was dining with the Duke of Hamilton, who had only two subjects upon which he could talk, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting Scott somewhat rashly brought forward his lately acquired learning in fiddles.

The Duke grew quite animated, and presently a whisper to the butler ushered in half a dozen tall footmen, each bearing a fiddle-case. Scott found his knowledge brought to no less trying a test than that of telling by the tone of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artist it was made.

"By guessing and management," says he, "I got on pretty well till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee." The expert in violins has often been set down as an impostor, but probably few of Scott's readers have thought of him as figuring in that character!

Burns's tastes in music were pretty much those of Scott. Moore's dogmatic assertion that he was wholly unskilled in music is not true. He certainly had an ear for music; and if we are to believe his sister, Mrs. Begg, he could read quite readily from notation. It is true we have his own declaration to George Thomson that his pretensions to musical taste were "merely a few of nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art." Many musical compositions, "particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint," affected his ear no otherwise than such things affected the ear of John Stirling; they were merely "melodious din." But then he made amends, in the way that Scott did, by admiring what the connoisseurs decried; in other words, by finding his delight in the "little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid." And these little melodies he turned to his own use in a method by which the whole body of national song was improved and extended. He has explicitly told us that he laid it down as a rule from his earliest efforts at song-writing to hum some old melody over and over again till he caught the inspiration, so that the words came spontaneously. He never sat

down to the composition of a lyric without first crooning the air to himself in order to kindle his emotion and regulate the rhythm of his verse; and when now and again the words are faulty, we may be pretty safe in concluding that he had not quite mastered the tune. Very often, as we know, he sought extraneous aid to help him in this way. Sometimes he would get an old woman to sing over the melody to him: sometimes his own wife would sing it; and sometimes, like the Ettrick Shepherd, he would scrape it on a fiddle for himself.

That Burns played the violin is a fact which is not generally known. He avows it in a letter to Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam, where he calls himself "a fiddler and a poet;" and Mrs. Begg assures us that he played a good deal, although he was, she adds, no great proficient. He seems to have taken up the instrument first in the summer of 1781, and to have continued its practice more or less systematically for a twelvemonth. Mrs. Begg's statement is that he "used to play in the summer when they took shelter from the rain, and in winter he used to rise early in the mornings and play away for the amusement of those in bed." There is some reason to suspect that those in bed were not altogether appreciative, for Mrs. Begg adds: "So that could not be borne for ever, and speedily came to an end." Generally speaking Burns played by ear, but sometimes he had the music before him. He showed a decided preference for slow and pathetic airs, but he was also fond of lively Strathspey tunes, as of course the author of *TAM O' SHANTER* could hardly fail to be. Once indeed Burns even tried his hand at musical composition. In his first Common-Place Book, referring to two fragments written when he was

twenty-four, he records that he "set about composing an air in the old Scotch style." "Unfortunately," he continues, "I am not scholar enough to prick down my tune properly, so it can never see the light, but these were the verses I composed to suit it." He then quotes the three stanzas beginning, *O raging fortune's withering blasts!* and adds: "The tune consisted of three parts, so that the above verses just went through the whole air." What a pity it is that Burns was not scholar enough to prick down his tune!

About the musical capacities of Charles Lamb, all the world has heard from the famous CHAPTER ON EARS, surely one of his masterpieces. Poor Elia's knowledge of the art was much like that of the man who declared that he knew only two tunes; one was *God save the Queen*, and the other was not. Coleridge was in the same unfortunate position so far as regards the possession of an ear. But an ear for music, as indeed he himself has remarked, is a very different thing from a taste for music. Coleridge lacked the one, but he possessed the other. "I have," he says, "no ear whatever. I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music and can detect good from bad." He goes on to tell how Naldi, a "good fellow," remarked to him at a concert that he did not seem much interested in a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. "I said it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed." Coleridge seems to have been a great admirer of Beethoven. He is said to have been once taken to hear the *Eroica* Symphony at the Philharmonic Concerts and to have remarked to

his friend that it was like a funeral procession in deep purple,—not at all an inadequate description, at any rate of the first portion. Hayward tells us that the year before his death the poet expressed a wish to see an Italian opera. His nephew (Henry Nelson) and Hayward engaged a box and accompanied him. He watched the action with interest, and was pleased with the general effect, but confessed that the music gave him no pleasure. We should have been told the name of the composer, in order to have further established the claim of Coleridge to distinguish between the good and the bad. At any rate he behaved better than James Hogg in similar circumstances. Hogg could hardly be kept awake at the Opera, and when he did give his attention to any part of the performance, his eyes were observed to be fixed on Costa, the conductor. Indeed, his curiosity was entirely centred on the man with the bâton, and at length he exclaimed: "Wha, and what the deil's that fellow that keeps waggin' the stick?" The simple Shepherd had no idea of marking time in that way. Hogg indeed seems to have been much of Carlyle's mind, who in his praise of music did not include the Opera. That he thought "an open Bedlamite," divorced from sense and the reality of things. "Behind its Glitter," he wrote in a tremendous burst of capital letters, "stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too, I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eye-socket'—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair." After this one feels that there is really nothing more to be said.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN AMERICA.

A PRESIDENTIAL Election in the United States is from many points of view an interesting feature, and certainly not least so when regarded from that of the philosophy of Parties. For just as in the history of religion it has been found that spirituality tends to harden into dogma, so in the history of politics Parties tend to become less real and more artificial and factitious. And in proportion as this development progresses, the more elaborate becomes the machinery of Party; the more nature, the less art. Nowhere has this been more exemplified than in America, where the state of things recalls Burke's famous description of an imitation of Dr. Johnson's style; it had, he said, all his pomp without his force, the nodosities of the oak without its strength, the contortions of the Sibyl without the inspiration. In the United States Parties have, so to speak, the pomp and the contortions, while they lack the force and inspiration produced by profound and heartfelt differences of thought and sentiment.

The two great political Parties of America, the Republicans and Democrats, though not always known by those names, have existed from the very beginning of their country as an independent nation. Others there have been, distinguished by those uncouth and fantastic titles which sometimes make it difficult for foreigners to take American politics so seriously as Americans would wish; but they have never been more than the growth of the hour, and have passed with it. It has been different, however, with the Republicans and

Democrats. They were originally divided on important points of principle, and though it would be inaccurate to say that all such differences have disappeared, yet it is certain that they have been to a large extent lost sight of, and that at the same time the machinery of Party has been elaborated to a degree unparalleled in the history of the world. And though the two Parties are now very different from what they originally were, there is a thread of continuity which runs from end to end; there is a pedigree of Party which may be clearly traced from President Washington to President McKinley. An attempt will here be made to put the present political situation in America into historic relation with the past.

It was long ago prophesied by De Tocqueville that the United States would some day be broken up, and though that prophecy has not yet been fulfilled, the fact that it was made suggests to some extent what were the original differences of American Parties. From the very first there was a quarrel over the respective spheres of State and Federal rights. The controversy took varying forms from time to time, but the essence remained the same.

The election of Washington, even for his second term of office, was practically unanimous, for Parties then were only in the making. But in his time were planted the germs which were destined to develop into such tremendous growths. Even then there were those who bitterly reviled him as the Stepfather of his Country.

Already two distinct tendencies of opinion might be traced, on the one hand favouring the creation of a strong Federal authority, and on the other the preservation of the rights of the individual States, lest the tender shoots of liberty should be crushed in their growth. It was on the latter side that the Democrats ranged themselves. The Union, indeed, was only reluctantly created, and the Constitution was a compromise which left many questions open. It might be variously interpreted, and, indeed, was so; for while one President would construe a doubtful clause in favour of State rights, another would construe it in a contradictory sense. The whole question was one about the distribution of power between the Federal authority and the States; and here, in a nutshell, lies the origin of Parties in America.

During the eight years, from 1789 to 1797, that Washington was in office, the Federalists, who favoured the creation of a strong central authority, and who were the lineal ancestors of the present Republican party, were the stronger. At this time the brilliant and romantic Hamilton was the inspiring soul and guiding hand of the administrations of which he was a member. He was a believer in republics and democracies as ideal forms of government, but he entirely disbelieved in the capacity of the colonists to put those ideals into practice. "For that mind," he said, "must be really depraved which would not prefer the equality of political rights which is the foundation of pure republicanism, if it can be obtained consistently with order." But that it could be obtained consistently with order in the United States he had but the faintest hope. He called the Constitution "a frail and worthless fabric;" and he believed it was his mission to give it coherence and

vitality by putting on it a construction which favoured his own views. It was, indeed, his wish to give the Republic a fair trial, but he honestly believed that the best means to that end was so far as possible to strengthen the Federal authority, and to clip and circumscribe the rights of the individual States. This, in substance, was his policy, and he unswervingly pursued it. Nor was this all. He ardently admired the British form of government, and he was not careful to conceal that he wished to take it as his model. "As it stands at present," he said, "with all its supposed defects it is the most perfect form of government which ever existed." More unstinted praise than this it would have been impossible to give, nor can it be a matter of surprise that his political opponents suspected him, though quite unjustly, of monarchical ideas. He copied British institutions, such as the Bank of England and the British funding system, so far as he was able. He made the Federal Government take over the various obligations of the States, and created a Federal Banking Institution. Amply justified as this policy has been, it was effected only in the face of the bitterest opposition. In Daniel Webster's bombastic phrase, "He smote the rock of the natural resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprang upon its feet."

During the time of John Adams, who was Washington's successor, the ascendancy of Federalist opinions continued unimpaired. He was a follower of Hamilton, and was guided in his Presidency by much the same ideas. No man had fought more strenuously than Adams for American independence, but, like Hamilton, he could not conceal his admiration for the British Constitution. "Purge that constitu-

tion," he said, "and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would be the most perfect constitution ever devised by the wit of man." But when Adams failed to secure his re-election, his party received a blow which for a time almost crushed it out of existence, and destined it at least for many years to wander in the cold shades of disappointment and defeat. For by this time the Democrats had become seriously alarmed. It was not only that they feared encroachments on the rights of the States; they dreaded also the growth of a monarchical spirit in the Presidency. There was indeed some ground for the suspicion. Washington himself maintained a degree of state and ceremony which was odious to those who held extreme Republican ideas. Though far from fostering any love of the magnificence of courts, he thought it becoming for the Chief Magistrate to be at least dignified. Without arrogance or personal vanity he expected deference, and would not tolerate familiarity even from his friends. He drove in a coach-and-six to open Congress: he held levées which were by no means open to all comers; and he wore court-dress on State occasions. His passionate admirers would even have gone further, wishing to bestow on him some title, and to stamp the coinage with his image. Nor did John Adams do anything to allay these suspicions, for his conception of the Presidency was the same as that of Washington. His enemies went so far as to suggest that, while Minister in England, he had been fatally perverted by monarchical ideas; and he was nick-named the Duke of Braintree, after the name of the place in which he lived. Such suspicions were unjust, for he was as sincere a Republican as Washington himself; but he was an aristocrat in feeling, and his unconciliatory manners

helped to make him appear even more aristocratic than he was. A man of great intelligence and powers, he was not easily accessible, and seemed to hold himself aloof.

The Presidencies of Washington and Adams may be said to form the first period of the history of the United States, and its prevailing mark may be said to be the ascendancy of Federalist ideas. It was a time when, in the language of mechanics, the centripetal forces overcame the centrifugal, with the result that the nation moved steadily and surely in the direction of unity. But with the election of Thomas Jefferson the conditions were reversed, owing in a great measure to the personal character of Jefferson himself. This ardent apostle of States Rights was in many ways an extraordinary man, and to this day there is no name, save Washington's alone, which is so revered in America. His personal appearance was striking. His tall and sinewy figure, which won him the nick-name of Long Tom, betokened rather the athlete than the thinker or the statesman; while his hair and pointed features gave him a look which is described as feline. The range of his intellectual interests was great, and extended over almost every branch of human knowledge. Philosophy, natural science, natural history, architecture, and mechanics alike claimed some share of his attention, and he corresponded with Priestley and other scientific men. But it is with the nature of his political opinions that we are now concerned; and extraordinary though they were, he expressed them always with fearlessness and courage. Just as Hamilton held an extreme view at one end of the scale, so did Jefferson at the other. He was a thorough-going Democrat, and it is probable that during his residence in France he had imbibed some of the revolutionary notions which were

at that time in the air. He so much admired Paine's *RIGHTS OF MAN*, that he caused the work to be republished in America. Hamilton called him a "dreaming Condorcet," and the description was in some ways happy; though Jefferson as a practical politician was very far from being a dreamer, and as a party leader and manager he was supreme. His professed political opinions, if not dreams, were certainly remarkable. "God forbid," he said on one occasion, "that we should be twenty years without such a rebellion. . . . And what country can preserve its liberties, if its rulers are not warned from time to time that its people preserve the spirit of resistance? . . . What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure." And again: "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." He expressed his belief that the Indians were happier than men living in the societies of Europe, and propounded the extraordinary theory that no generation had a right to impose a debt upon posterity, or to encumber lands beyond the average term of its own existence. He hated England as much as Hamilton admired her; she was, he said, with some slight confusion of metaphor, a den of robbers and a harlot. It is not surprising, therefore, that such a President should have inaugurated a marked change in American politics. The old traditions of the Presidency were completely overturned; the old forms and ceremonies were swept away, and replaced by a severe and chaste simplicity. The axe was vigorously laid to everything that savoured of royalty. Jefferson

refused all titles; he even removed the prefix of *Mr.* from his cards, and he began the system of sending written messages to Congress, instead of going there in person, or if he did go, he walked or rode there unattended. He once received the Danish Ambassador in slippers, and he sometimes caused annoyance by his studied indifference to the laws of etiquette. He loved liberty, indeed, not wisely, but too well, and on this side of his character he was intemperate and quixotic.

We have spoken at some length of Jefferson, because, as the champion of the party of State Rights, his Presidency is one of singular importance. It marks the rise to power of the Anti-Federalists, known at that time as Republicans, but afterwards as Democrats; a position which they held with but little interruption until the outbreak of the Civil War. Under Jefferson's administration the centrifugal forces received an impetus which was felt for many years to come. "I am," he said on one occasion, "not a friend to a very energetic government. It is always oppressive." That was a dangerous sentiment; its logical result was revolt and civil war, and of the responsibility for this Jefferson must take his share.

The question of State and Federal Rights has been, then, from the beginning the natural dividing line of the political Parties of the Union, though merged from time to time in other questions, such as those of Slavery and Protection. Owing to circumstances of an accidental kind, the division of Parties has been to a large extent geographical. Generally speaking the Northern States were Federalist, and the Southern the reverse; and for more sufficient reasons than might at first sight appear. The North was mainly industrial and commercial, while the South was

agricultural and devoted to the raising of cotton and tobacco. The former therefore aimed at two things, protection for their manufactures and a government which could arrange commercial treaties; and it was their interest accordingly to see the Federal government strong. But for these things the Southern population did not care. They rather feared Protection as prejudicial to themselves; and so it came about that the question of the tariffs became a sharp dividing-line in politics, a state of things which more or less has lasted to this day. Never probably in the world's history have Parties been so sharply and persistently divided upon a question which is purely economic. In England, it is true, something of the same kind occurred at the time of the Corn Law agitation, but the conflict was a transient one. In the United States the industrial and agricultural classes have always tended to fall into separate parties, a result to which Jefferson contributed not a little by his sentimental love of farming and his avowed contempt for trade.

Here, then, was the germ of the antagonism between the North and South; but there were other causes also which added fuel to the flame. In fact irreconcilable differences of character existed between the colonists. Those of New England were many of them of Puritan descent, a conscientious, godly, and industrious race, men whose forefathers had fought hand to hand with nature. But the men of the South were of a very different type; they were a pleasure-loving folk, enjoying a soft and genial climate, who tilled the soil with slaves, while they lolled at ease at home. They had all the faults which slavery engenders, while in religion they were often materialist or indifferent; the tobacco crop and not the cure of souls was what they

chiefly cared for. While therefore the origin of the two great Parties in the United States is to be traced to differences of opinion over the distribution of power between the Federal Government on the one hand and the individual States upon the other, the cleavage of the Parties was enormously enlarged by native differences of character and divergent interests on the question of the tariffs. If we add to this that the Southerners were slave-owners, and the Northerners were not, it will be evident that there was a good deal of inflammable material about, which required very careful handling.

James Madison, who succeeded Jefferson, was one of the most brilliant of the group who had helped to build the Constitution; indeed he was sometimes called its father. He had, like Hamilton, contributed to *THE FEDERALIST*, though in their opinions they gradually diverged from one another. A political follower of Jefferson, he filled the Presidential office in the same spirit as his predecessor, though by the restoration of the levées he abated somewhat of republican simplicity. After Madison came Monroe, who although he belonged to the same school of opinion, reverted to some of the ceremonial forms of Washington and Adams. During the eight years he was in office Party feeling had so completely died away, that the period has ever since been known as the Era of Good-feeling. And yet it was at this time that a black cloud arose from the horizon and for a moment darkened all the sky. The admission of the Slave State of Missouri to the Union was indeed a sinister event, though a compromise was reached, and the slumbering fires were kept under for a while. It is remarkable that the danger lurking in this question of slavery should not have been earlier

foreseen. Even Jefferson tells us that the Missouri incident aroused him "like a fire-bell in the night"; for with all his fine theories on the indefeasible equality of man, he did not extend them to the negro. But on the whole the period was one of rest and fruitful peace.

These halcyon days lasted through the Presidency of the successor of Monroe. This was John Quincy Adams, whose name will always be spoken of with reverence so long as virtue and talents are admired. But his personal character, interesting though it is, does not concern us here. It must suffice to say that in his time, as in that of Monroe, the forces of union and disruption seemed to have reached, so to speak, a condition of stable equilibrium, and to have been very nearly balanced. But this happy state of things was destined to be quickly overturned. The distinguished line of gentlemen and statesmen who had adorned the Presidency hitherto, was now brought abruptly to a close; and when John Quincy Adams left the White House, it was long before a statesman of the old school entered it again.

When Andrew Jackson was elected in 1829, a third period of American history may be said to have begun; a period which was marked by much political degradation, and a still further extension of the doctrine of State Rights. Though his Presidency was pernicious in its fruits, Jackson was by no means a bad or an incompetent man, but he was exceedingly hot-headed and very irregularly great. As Governor of Florida he hanged a pair of Englishmen, besieged a Spanish town, and threw the Spanish ambassador into prison, in absolute defiance of international law. But these were the sort of acts that made Old Hickory, as he was called, the darling of the people. His counten-

ance was one that nobody who saw it could forget. The long lean face and nose, the powerful jaw, the cold and piercing eyes, the dark gray shock of hair, betrayed a strong but narrow intellect and an iron force of will. Though possessed of no intellectual elevation, by reason of his tremendous force of character he stands out as one of the few conspicuous figures in the list of the Presidents of the United States. From the Party point of view his administration is one of great importance, for he was the first to adopt the disastrous system of the Spoils. Well would it have been if Jackson had followed the example of Jefferson. When an importunate office-seeker begged the latter for some place as a reward for his vote, the President is said to have replied that he had heard that Rome had once been saved by geese, but never that those geese had been appointed to be officers of the revenue. From this good example Jackson outrageously departed; nor was this the sum total of the evil that he did. As an advocate of State Rights he outdid Jefferson himself, and indeed his policy in this respect was nearly as disastrous as in the other. For instance, he vetoed the Bill for the new charter of the United States Bank, and withdrew the Government deposits. He also it was who backed up the State of Georgia in her quarrel with Chief Justice Marshall and the Supreme Court of the United States; and he it was who uttered the historical expression,—“John Marshall has pronounced his judgment; let him execute it, if he can.”

The period from the Presidency of Jackson to that of Lincoln and the outbreak of the Civil War is one in which the political life of the United States was at its lowest, when the better natures found consolation in the thought that Washington was long

happily dead. The Presidents who succeeded Jackson were the least distinguished of all those who have occupied the White House. Swift, in his misanthropic way, used to aver that the quality of being fittest was fatal to any candidate, and in America the remark has received abundant illustration. At this period, for example, such men as Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, were, in comparison with the Presidents, intellectual giants; and in any assembly in the world they would have held a conspicuous place. Daniel Webster, certainly, was a man who stood head and shoulders high above the crowd, a veritable king among men. Carlyle has in a few characteristic strokes given us a picture of the man; "The tanned complexion, that amorphous crag-like face; the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be blown; the mastiff mouth, accurately closed." What power is depicted here! Yet even Webster, to use Emerson's expression, having drunk the rum of Party too long, was lured to his destruction. He stained his reputation and died a disappointed man.

With the election of Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War the last period of the history of the United States begins. Of Lincoln himself it is unnecessary to speak at any length. His gigantic frame, his gaunt and uncouth figure, his face of an almost Indian type with its high cheek-bones and tawny skin, have often been portrayed. The struggles of his early life, the poverty of his home, how he worked as a boy upon a farm, yet contrived to teach himself the elements of learning, how he tugged at an oar upon the Mississippi and split rails in Illinois, are facts which will be familiar to all who have read the story of his life. His tremendous

feats of strength, his simple homely eloquence, his practical sagacity, his wise saws and humorous sayings, his sense of tears in mortal things, are characteristics which would in any case have made him a memorable figure. Add to this his successful conduct of the greatest civil war of the century, and the tragic fate which struck him down in the zenith of his fame, and it becomes no wonder that he looms large in the history of his country. This truly indigenous American possessed, indeed, in a large degree the rare but indescribable quality of greatness. But it is not so much as a distinguished individuality, nor even as the liberator of the slaves, that Abraham Lincoln is a factor of historical importance, but rather as the President who vindicated Federal Rights, who maintained the Union, and subdued the recalcitrant forces of disruption. In him the Republicans, who had all along protested against the disintegrating tendencies of Democratic teaching, found a champion. His election inaugurated a long period of Federal ascendancy, for with the defeat of the south the Party of State Rights were so utterly discredited, that it was not until President Cleveland's first election in 1888 that they were able to re-occupy the seats of power.

Since the Civil War the original dispute between State and Federal Rights has been so completely settled, that it can no longer be regarded as of any practical account. In the beginning the Republicans and Democrats were moved by sentiments as lofty and ennobling as any that have ever dignified humanity. The former, inflamed with patriotic fervour, desired to make their country strong and respected by the nations of the world; the latter were fearful for the liberty of the individual man. The Jeffersonian Democrats, indeed, were

the true children of the French Revolution. It is curious to reflect how the teaching of Rousseau has influenced the history of a distant land beyond the seas. His preference for rural life, his opinion that large States are fatal to democracy, and that the capital of a country should be placed in some retired position aloof from the thronging interests of men, have all had their effect. This is why the Democrats were mostly farmers and ardent advocates of State Rights; it was in obedience to his doctrines that the City of Washington arose in a desolate region on the banks of the Potomac. The early history of the emancipated colonies, of Washington and Adams, of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe (the Virginian Dynasty as it was called) is full of interest and instruction; for it is the history of a group of upright and able men at a time when Parties were, as a rule, impelled by high thoughts to disinterested action. How vast has been the change! This change must be ascribed in part to the natural force of circumstances and to some great historic impulse, in part to the native genius of the people. Their predominant characteristic may be called the business instinct. In Benjamin Franklin, for example, with his mechanical acumen, his practical sagacity and sublimated common sense, we seem to see the type of the average American at his best. It is said that Franklin, when a boy, suggested to his father that much time might be saved by saying grace over a whole barrel of herrings, instead of going through the form every time that the herrings were served up. The story is characteristic of the American people as a whole. Thus it has come about that the two great Parties have become more and more divided upon purely business lines. The symptoms of the process were very early shown over

the question of the United States Bank and the proper authority for undertaking public works. With the adoption of the Spoils system by Andrew Jackson, the tendency was enormously increased. A new way of advancing business interests was then discovered, by manipulating the organisation of a Party, of which the first example was the capture of the Democrats in the interests of slavery. When the Civil War broke out and the Republicans resolved at all costs to put the curse of slavery away, then, indeed, a far nobler picture was presented; for rarely, if ever, have greater sacrifices been made for a great cause. But with the peace this lofty spirit vanished. We pass by the disgraceful treatment of the South. For nearly twenty years the Republicans held uninterrupted sway, and during the whole of this period the Party organisation has been unscrupulously worked in the interests of the manufacturers who wanted protection for their goods. Since 1860 the Tariff Acts passed by Republican majorities number no less than thirty-two. What an amount of greedy self-seeking this reveals! It stands, indeed, uncealed and unabashed; for the surplus of an overflowing treasury has been deliberately wasted in order to meet the argument that the tariff was unnecessarily high. Enormous sums have thus been spent in giving pensions to men, or the wives and families of men, who alleged that they took part in the Civil War. The magnitude of the scandal may be inferred from the fact that President Cleveland vetoed upwards of three hundred Pension Bills, which had been passed by a Republican majority in Congress.

On the question of the tariff the Democrats, it must be admitted, have played the better part. It is true that the more public-spirited Republicans have tried to justify Pro-

tection upon the grounds of principle and reason. President Garfield, for example, justified it on the ground that the country could not be independent unless the people possessed the requisite skill to clothe, arm, and equip themselves for war, and in time of peace to produce all the necessary instruments of labour; and he avowed that his aim was to enable American capital and labour to compete fairly in their markets with the labour and capital of foreign producers. But the average Republican voter has never taken up even so high a ground as this. The Democrats have endeavoured to justify themselves in a similar fashion; and their case was put very strongly by President Cleveland, when he maintained that the right of the government to exact tribute from the citizen was limited to its actual necessities, and that every cent taken from the people beyond what was required for their protection was no better than robbery. But the interest of the average Democrat in the question has been much more one of business than of economics or of finance; and the simple fact remains that the mass of the voters upon both sides are influenced by selfish motives only. Of this the last election was a flagrant exhibition. Here we saw the last example of the manipulation of a Party in the interests of a section, in the interests, that is to say, of the silver producers of the West. The Silver Men put their hands upon the machinery of the Democrats; and their failure was simply due to the fact that the majority of the voters believed that they had more to gain and less to lose by joining the Republicans. From first to last the issue was a sordid one.

From this brief historical sketch there is one inevitable conclusion to

be drawn; the old principles upon which Parties were divided have gradually given way to purely monetary interests. Between the Parties there is not much to choose. The Republicans have been in turns the Party of the Federal Bank and Public Works, of Protection, of Trusts and Monopolies, and finally of Gold; the Democrats, on the other hand, have been the Party of Slavery, of Low Tariffs, and of Silver. Both Parties have fallen away from their old distinctive tenets, and have become little more than factions. Consider for a moment Burke's definition of a Party. "It is," he said, "a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavours the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." Can either the Republicans or the Democrats sincerely say that they are united on any one principle to promote the national interest? Few people will believe that they can. Never before indeed have politics been reduced so nearly to the level of the cash-box or the ledger.

That questions of pure business will continue to dominate the field of American politics for ever, it is impossible to believe. Some day an event will happen to stir the feelings of the people to their depths; or if the present state of things becomes too grievous to be borne, the nation will rise in her might and demand a purer system. Even now there are a number of disinterested voters who, like Plato's great-souled philosophers, stand aloof disdainful of the politics of the hour, and (to continue Plato's metaphor) take shelter beneath a wall from the driving storm of dust and rain. Their influence for good is very great; they are the saving remnant, in whom men will place their hope.

THE TWO PRIESTS OF KONNOTO.

IN the steaming depths of the Dahomey forest stands the native town of Konnoto. Round three sides of it flow the yellow waters of the Kanu river, and on the peninsula thus formed are many rows of thatched huts nestling beneath the tufted fronds of palms and groves of green oranges and limes. On the opposite bank of the river, and behind the town, the dark cottonwood forest rises like a wall, with narrow trails winding away into its green shades.

The climate of Konnoto, like that of most West African towns, is by no means a desirable one, for the dank mist which settles down at sunset upon river and forest is heavy with germs of fever. Small-pox, dysentery, and cholera are rife, and many of the natives are crippled by the foot-boring chigoe or the horrible Guinea worm. The inhabitants, who as a rule despise all clothing but a device of blue tattoo or the scantiest of waist-cloths, are, however, used to these things, and generally drive their sick into the bush to die or recover as best they can, or, if the disease be infectious, knock them on the head and toss the corpse into the river. In their eyes the town makes the best of all possible worlds, for in that fertile soil all that they need to support life will grow almost without asking; while should they need the wherewithal to purchase luxuries from the coast, they have only to rob a few of the oil-carriers passing down the river, or to plunder a trading village across the neighbouring frontier of Lagos.

A little while ago there were two

powers ruling in Konnoto. The first was the Headman Amaro, a huge easy-going negro, who, so long as his armed retainers provided him with a sufficiency of wives from the Egba country, and kept him supplied with poisonous Hamburg gin, had no objection to their plundering on their own account. The second was the Ju-Ju man, or Fetish priest, Bussa, who ruled with an iron hand in the name of countless Ju-Ju devils and legions of wandering ghosts. Bussa was old and decrepit, a man of slight stature among a race of giants, and his shrivelled chest was covered with many charms hung from a necklace of human skin. There was, as usual, fierce jealousy between the two powers, and but for the fear of the evil spirits (for there was no negro in all Konnoto brave enough to pass the Ju-Ju wands set up on either side of his hut) a spear-thrust might have cut short Bussa's career.

Such was the state of affairs in the Dahomey town when the Reverend David Kinnett and his wife, carrying their lives in their hands, undertook the conversion of Konnoto on behalf of a certain mission. The Missionary had been taught the forest-tongue at Lagos and commenced his work with zeal and discretion, adapting his theology to the understanding of the natives, as usual in Africa, in a manner which would probably have made the subscribers at home lift their hands in horror. He had also studied surgery and physic, and every negro has a profound reverence for a doctor, and will take unlimited drugs, the stronger the better. The natives also began

to notice that the Missionary's patients as a rule recovered, while those of the Ju-Ju man generally died. So every morning the dispensary was crowded with applicants for medicine, most of whom, with the curiosity of the negro, remained to hear the new doctrine which was being preached among them by a priest who, strange to say, threatened them with neither pestilence nor ghostly visitation if their offerings were light.

So, step by step, the fever-stricken white man and his sickly wife won the fickle affection of the people, and Amaro looked on approvingly at whatever weakened the power of his rival. For a time Bussa smiled grimly and said nothing. He had seen the coming, and also the going, of two previous God-palaver-men, one of whom died of pestilence, while the other had been driven forth by order of the King. He also knew that the instincts of centuries of rapine and bloodshed are not to be eradicated by a few sermons very imperfectly understood, and that the longer it was repressed the more violently would the old savage nature break out some day.

Now David Kinnett had brought with him a Mahomedan Haussa from the far north, who understood the art of weaving the fine native cloth shipped from Lagos; and when he offered to teach this art to the inhabitants there were many pupils, the more so that the Missionary assured them the cloth was convertible into European goods upon the coast. So the negro being quick to learn, much creditable work was turned out; and it was a proud day for the Missionary and his wife when a train of bearers marched south through the forests, each man carrying a roll of cloth upon his woolly head.

Thus the influence of the white priest spread slowly but steadily, while the black priest scowled darkly and

bided his time in silence. Strange to say, even Captain Sinclair and Lieutenant Smith, who, with the aid of half a company of Mahomedan Yorubas, maintained some kind of law and order on the frontier of the neighbouring colony of Lagos, would occasionally travel thirty miles through the forest to spend a day or two at Konnoto station. This was the more remarkable as generally speaking the frontier officer does not love the Missionary, and the Captain bore the name of a very hard case among those who knew him. Moreover, the Missionary did not provide his guests with any alcoholic refreshment.

When Captain Sinclair saw the weavers at work, and heard that a quantity of cloth was already on its way to the coast, he marvelled; then he exchanged a significant glance with his subaltern and asked languidly: "Did you send a letter to the Porto Novo traders, specifying what articles you required in return?"

"No," said the lady. "We thought this time it would be better for them to buy whatever took their fancy. With the next lot we will purchase window-frames and bring up some carpenters from Lagos, to make a beginning with the church we have so long prayed for."

"I hope you will, Madam," answered the officer. "The carriers should be back in three weeks; we will have pleasure in visiting you then;" and he trod heavily upon the Lieutenant's toe, for the latter's face was twitching.

Next morning, as they swung through the dewy forest in their lurching hammocks, Captain Sinclair observed: "I suppose I'm a bad lot, and you're not much better, Charlie, but I know a good woman when I see one. The Missionary is genuine enough too; but what a crime it is

for a committee at home to insist upon these men being married. I wonder if they know that endless misery and almost certain death awaits every Englishwoman in this ghastly place."

The Lieutenant laughed softly. "Well," he said, "I would like to see the Reverend David's face when his carriers come back. We must be there too, or it may mean unlimited murder; probably Bussa will see his chance. Strange that the old rascal has not worked his rival out yet; he managed it twice before. I shouldn't wonder if he poisoned the first man."

Three weeks later the two officers again journeyed through the forests towards Konnoto, but this time they brought a guard of Yorubas with them. Darkness closed down as they neared the clearing, and Lieutenant Smith, who had been listening intently, remarked, "As I thought—the carriers have come back;" and the Captain urged the tired bearers forward, for the crash of flint-lock guns rang out through the forest above a pandemonium of shouting, singing, and the beating of monkey-skin drums. "Get on, men, for Heaven's sake, hurry," said the Lieutenant, as a red blaze flickered through the trees; and presently they marched into Konnoto.

Huge fires blazed in the centre of the trade-square, and round them sat men and women in various stages of drunkenness, while empty cases of Hamburg gin and square-shouldered bottles lay everywhere about. Further on, groups of wild figures, with the red firelight shining on their naked skins, howled and flung their limbs about to a discordant concert of drums and horns; while every now and then one of Amaro's guard would fire his gun aimlessly into a hut as he passed.

"This is under French protection,

and we are trespassers now, or I'd clean the place out. Forward there, drive the heathen aside," said the Captain, and the little detachment hurried towards the Missionary's dwelling. They were just in time, for, urged on by the Ju-Ju man, a frantic mob surged round the house, while, haggard and shaking with fever, the Missionary stood facing them upon the verandah, alternately striving to reassure the trembling woman who clung to his arm and addressing the savage crowd.

At the sight of the bayonets, the mob broke up and went whooping away, and hurrying up the staircase Captain Sinclair grasped the preacher's hand who gasped: "Thank God, you've come in time. A few minutes more and our blood would have been upon their hands. It has been an awful scene."

"Go on," said the Captain quietly; "I can partly guess what has happened;" and the Missionary's wife wrung her hands, as her husband continued: "The cloth must have sold well; they brought back unlimited gin and gunpowder. Half of them have gone south with their new guns to raid a village, and when this gin is finished weavers will be at work in every hut. It is dreadful, heart-breaking. I took such pains to teach them, and I have only placed drunkenness and murder within the reach of all. Many have died from small-pox too, and the plague is in the town."

"There is only one thing to be done," said the Captain; "and that is to take you out of this at once. Bussa has the upper hand now and he will stick at nothing. If you call the Senegalis in, you will earn their hatred for life. Besides, you are half dead with fever. Give them a month to settle down, and then go back."

"This is my work and I may not

desert it. There is a protection greater even than that of the officer of Senegal," answered the Missionary quietly; "but I am afraid my wife must go."

The terrified woman clung closer to her husband's side, and with many tears protested that her place was there and that she would never leave him, until the Captain said: "Madam, I honour you for your courage, but the thing is impossible. I must send you to Lagos. If there is no other way, we must use force." Then, reading approval in the Missionary's glance, he continued: "I hold power of life and death on the frontier, and my word is law."

Thus it came about that two days later, when there was comparative peace in the village, after a tearful parting, for husband and wife never expected to meet again in this world, a wan, weary-faced woman turned in her swaying hammock and waved a trembling hand to the man who leaned across the verandah balustrade with his heart in his eyes. Then she let fall the awning and burst into choking sobs as the bearers strode away into the gloom of the forest.

So David Kinnett remained alone to face the horrors of the pestilence which spread from man to man, while his black rival went about filling every ear with warnings that this was the vengeance of the wood-devils upon those who had forsaken them for the gods of the white men.

Three weeks later, Captain Sinclair and Lieutenant Smith, both clad in the airiest of garments, sat in a darkened room of the Residency at Atumba. There the two officers suffered regularly from intermittent fever, and ran occasional risks of poison and ambush. Also they imbibed considerably more strong waters than were good for them in that climate, and for various reasons were

not regarded favourably by the authorities. Green blinds shut out the light but not the heat, and little puffs of warm air played in and out through the lattice-work, bringing with them the smell of sun-scorched earth and powdery dust from the compound outside, from which rose the tread of marching feet, and the hoarse shouts of a Yoruba sergeant drilling his men.

"Pah!" said the Captain, wiping the perspiration out of his eyes; "it is almost too much work to breathe in this sickening heat. I wonder how the Reverend Kinnett is getting on; I wish we'd been able to make a trip across—hullo, Sergeant!"

There was a tap at the door and a big Yoruba entered the room, and raising his hand in salute, said: "Bushman, Sah, bring little word from Konnoto." As he spoke, a tall Dahomeyan, staggering forward, his naked skin torn with thorns and daubed with the slime of the swamps, handed the officer a carved bâton of ebony and ivory, and a curious string of cowries, maize-grains, kola nuts, and a tiny packet of salt.

"H'm," said the Captain, examining them carefully one by one. "Headman Amaro's staff. As usual the native style of writing is not very clear, but he wishes us to understand that his intentions are amiable—that a serious danger is threatening our friend,—and that we must come at once, for there is a big feast on hand. I never thought Bussa would have dared so much; but we must get Kinnett out at once, for before we could warn Strasbourger they'd probably poison him and send word he died of pestilence."

"Well," was the reply, "all we have to do is to turn out the Yorubas, go down, and take him out."

"Charlie, you always were a fool," said the Captain. "Don't you

know what that would mean?—a complaint from French head-quarters, British troops raiding natives under protection of France. When the dispatches are received, the authorities decide that some one must be made an example of, and we are neither of us so well thought of as we might be. The Chief would shake his head. 'Sinclair and Smith again. Advise the French that we have dismissed the offenders,' he would say. Think, man, what's to be done; you can think occasionally."

The Lieutenant lighted a cigar and knitted his brows in the unusual effort. Then he burst out into a ringing laugh: "I have it; we'll go as devils!"

Captain Sinclair bent down and placed his hand on Smith's forehead, looked into his eyes, and then said gravely: "Lie down, and take quinine. You've got a touch of the sun."

The only reply was another burst of laughter, and raising his voice the Lieutenant asked, "Any red lead in the store, Sergeant Koffee?"

The soldier stood at attention as he answered, "Yes, Sah, be plenty too much red paint, Sah."

"Well, then, Koffee, you fit to make wood-devil?" The Yoruba stared in open-mouthed astonishment; but the officer continued smilingly: "Dahomey man make devil-feast, chop God-palaver-man; suppose Yoruba make wood-devil and take him out; savvy?"

Then the Sergeant broke out into the hearty laughter of the African as he answered: "Give Yorubas ten rounds and lil' tin red paint, and make first-class devil, Sah!"

Captain Sinclair brought his hand down on the table, with a crash that made the glasses ring. "By Jove, Charlie, the very idea! I knew you could think if you tried very hard," he said.

On the following night David

Kinnett lay a close prisoner in a fetid hut, with despair in his heart, for he knew that the people, for whom he had risked his life and ruined his health, had flung his teaching to the winds, and reverted to their horrible rites of devil-making. Outside, amid a pandemonium of drunken revelry, Bussa stood in the black ashes of what had been the Missionary's house, and stirred up the hearts of the natives to destroy his rival. But the tribesmen held back. After all, the white priest had done them good, and the black one only evil; besides, they dreaded the vengeance of the white men almost as much as they feared the Ju-Ju devils; so for the present they decided to celebrate the forthcoming rites by the murder of three Egba captives alone.

Presently the excited groups broke up. The dancers staggered off in search of their thatched huts; the drum-beaters pillowed their woolly heads upon the discordant instruments and lapsed into drunken slumber, and silence settled down upon Konnoto. There were, however, two men who did not sleep that night. The one was Amaro, who wondered how and when the British would come; that they would come he felt assured, and he puzzled his sluggish brain to discover how he might explain matters to the French frontier officer. He had not warned that gentleman, as whenever Lieutenant Strasbourger bestowed the light of his countenance upon Konnoto, he fined the town heavily in oil and rubber for disturbing the peace. The other was the Missionary, who, having seen his work crumble to dust and ashes around him, was wondering if his blood also would be required to crown his rival's triumph. The burning grasp of the fever was upon him, and he was faint from want of food, having eaten nothing for two days through fear of poison.

So for a space the silence which hung over Konnoto was only broken by the rustling of palm boughs and the monotonous song of the river. Then a succession of fiendish howls rang out of the misty forest, and a sheet of red flame roared aloft from thatch to thatch. Staggering to their feet, but half awake and still dazed with drink, the startled villagers saw a dozen wild red figures advancing through the eddying smoke, and, all their superstitious fears aroused, fled for their lives. The only two who resisted the panic were Amaro and the Ju-Ju priest. The former smiled, and, like a wise man holding his peace, drew back into the black shadow of the palms; but, although there were many kinds of devils known to Bussa, his mythology did not include evil spirits armed with Snider rifles. Therefore he stood up in the centre of the square, and commenced to harangue the flying crowd. One or two of the braver sort gathered round him, turning their spear-blades towards the ghostly visitors. The fugitives halted, and in a few moments the deception would have been discovered, and the white men hard pressed to save their lives that night. But a burly apparition, wonderfully like Captain Sinclair in figure, charged through the centre of the wondering mob, and seizing the Ju-Ju man by his waist-cloth, staggered towards the steep bank of the river, and hurled him into the stream twenty feet below. With howls of fright the villagers turned and ran for the friendly bush; and when at dawn they returned in fear and trembling, the evil spirits had gone, as had also the white priest and the Ju-Ju man.

When Bussa crawled painfully from the river, and had wiped the foul slime from his eyes and mouth, he fled secretly south towards the Residency of Captain Strasbourger.

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Now this officer had been placed at the head of fifty Senegalais to guard against any encroachments which perfidious Albion might make in the way of extending her boundaries, and his special duty was to keep a watchful eye on Captain Sinclair. However, like most of his class, he was good-natured and sociable, and as the two British officers were the only white men to be seen for months at a time, and, moreover, kept a choice assortment of spirituous comforts, he was accustomed to travel forty miles periodically to fraternise with them. The Ju-Ju man, therefore, instead of receiving many cases of gin as a reward, was put in irons, while with eight bearers Lieutenant Strasbourger was carried in his hammock through dismal swamps and dripping forests towards the British station.

One morning, as Captain Sinclair bent over the couch of the fever-stricken Missionary, the hammock swung into the compound, and the Frenchman, hot and thirsty, alighted at the door.

"Now for diplomacy," said the Captain. "Charlie, get out the best drinkables and cigars. Come in, my friend."

After quaffing a brimming glass Lieutenant Strasbourger took off his sun-helmet, and wiping the perspiration out of his eyes, threw himself back in a canvas chair, saying in fair English: "Ah, my brothers, it is a charm to enjoy your inestimable hospitality; but to-day it is an affair serious. Two days ago a man of the woods arrives with a tale, which is doubtless untrue, that the English have burned a village lying under the protection of the great nation of France," and the officer bowed theatrically, while Captain Sinclair bent his head with imperturbable gravity, and said encouragingly, "Go on, my friend, try again." Lieutenant Strasbourger went on. "Know-

ing the deep respect you bear to the flag of France, and trusting in your inestimable friendship,"—here Lieutenant Smith reached over and shook hands with the speaker, though his face twitched—"I will not insult you by asking if it is true,"—there was a twinkle in the Frenchman's eye as he met Sinclair's glance—"but I will tell the rascal they were all drunk and burned the place themselves, and will fine them much oil. The Ju-Ju man, too, he will see what it is to bring wicked tales to an officer of France!"

Then Captain Sinclair poured him out half a tumbler of whiskey and the three pledged eternal friendship. When the sun rose higher and the temperature of the room became that of an oven, the brothers of the sword sat in the high verandah looking out over miles of forest, gleaming lagoons, and winding reaches of river, and sang English songs and French chansonettes to the accompaniment of a cracked banjo. At moonrise the Krooboy hammock-men, who had been freely regaled with trade gin, were with difficulty collected. Then Captain and Lieutenant hoisted the officer of France, who wept copiously on parting with *mes braves amis*, into his hammock, from which he immediately crawled headforemost, smashing his sun-helmet over his eyes. On being a second time packed away, the gallant soldier was borne unsteadily off into the forest awakening its echoes with uncertain scraps of song, while the Englishmen leaned against the gate and laughed till the tears ran down their cheeks. All night the bearers struggled through the forest. Twice they upset the officer into a muddy swamp, and once he wriggled himself out and fell face downwards in the slime, when the stolid Africans, who were used to this kind of thing, calmly picked him up and continued their journey, until

two days later at sunset a disreputable, mud-stained group reached the French outpost.

Next morning Lieutenant Strasbourg woke with a splitting headache and a most unenviable temper. He ordered out the Ju-Ju man, reproached him bitterly for his wickedness, and finally commanded the Senegalais to give him a dozen lashes at the triangles. This Bussa richly deserved; but it was a somewhat cruel instance of the irony of fate that the only time he received the punishment he merited, should also have been the only occasion in his ill-spent life on which he spoke the truth. Having thus lost his prestige, Bussa dared not return to his flock with the scars of disgrace upon him; he departed in search of new pastures far away to the east, and the black priest of Konnoto was seen in its streets no more.

Meantime, the Missionary, worn out with many sorrows and disappointments, as well as with the deadly climate, was slowly sinking. He had fought a valiant fight against sickness and hopelessness in the awful solitude of the African bush, and now the wasted frame seemed scarcely able to hold the brave spirit which burned within it.

One stifling evening, as he lay gasping for breath in the verandah, he beckoned the Captain near. "My friend," he said, "my time is nearly come and my work over; but I should like to see my wife and Lagos before the end." Then he ceased for want of breath, and the officer said huskily: "You'll pull through yet, with the change and sea-air on the coast—I'll send a runner down to-night to tell your wife to meet you, and you can start to-morrow."

Early in the morning the three white men grasped each other's hands, and then the hammock-bearers and their escort swung south through the

forest, travelling day after day beneath the great cotton-woods, wading through foul swamps, or forcing a path amid tall plume-grass which waved its golden tassels high above their heads. Twice the worn-out bearers mutinied and refused to move another foot, and once they were attacked at night by a marauding tribe; but the big Yoruba sergeant in command declared in the vernacular: "That the orders of the white Captain were to deliver the infidel preacher at Lagos, alive or dead, and that while two men were left, by the beard of the Prophet the command should be obeyed." So, beneath scorching noon-day heat and clammy midnight mist, with glittering eyes, burning skin, and blackened lips, the Missionary was borne along, concentrating his remaining energy into a desperate effort to live until the end of his journey.

At last, one morning as they marched out of the forest and halted upon the shores of a broad lagoon, a rapid beat of hoofs rose upon the steaming air, and a weary-faced woman flung herself out of the saddle, and, tearing aside the awning, bent down and kissed the wax-like forehead within, then bit her lips and turned her head aside, lest the sufferer might read the terror in her eyes,—and so husband and wife met.

However, to every one's surprise, David Kinnett did not die. They swung him on board the Sokoto in an empty oil-puncheon, and by the time the steamer met the life-giving Trades off Cape de Verde he was convalescent. But the medical officers of the Society forbade his returning to Africa, and the Missionary and his wife were afterwards despatched to a healthier field of labour.

Heathen darkness again settled down upon Konnoto, for Amaro stopped the weaving and declared that the old gods were sufficient for him, and that henceforward he would be their mouthpiece. So long as he is able to keep them out, he will have neither white nor black priest in his dominions, for it took him twelve months to pay the fine exacted by Lieutenant Strasbourg on the occasion of the disappearance of the first, and he will not again brook a rival in the latter.

Still, on every anniversary of the great feast of devil-making, the villagers tremble as they gather round their fires, and tell the story how upon a time the lost souls of certain wicked English and Yorubas invaded the village, and carried the two priests of Konnoto away to the bottomless pit. Then Headman Amaro smiles grimly and holds his peace.

VANISHING PARIS.

PARIS is a city of guarded secrets and undefined surprise. The busy wayfarer who uses its streets as a hasty method of transit, and whose ideal of architecture is a short cut, passes in blind unconsciousness of its mysterious beauty. Happiest when the spacious boulevard gives verge enough to his hustling footstep, he avoids the intimate corners and ancient byways; and should accident tempt him to a tortuous ascent, he averts his head from the harmonies of time and hurries heedlessly to his familiar café.

The busy wayfarer is guilty only of neglect. Those mysterious powers which control the fate of cities are guilty of rabid destruction,—a far more heinous crime. The logic of business and the fear of the barricade are compassing the gradual ruin of Paris; and if these enemies of the past cannot wrest the city's secrets from her, they are eager to destroy the last hiding-place of surprise. The official ambition is a criss-cross of straight lines. A street, says the surveyor, is a double row of commodious houses that lies evenly between two points; and instantly he will reckon up, in millions, the waste that is caused in the brief circuit of a year by the wayward division of traffic. A twist or a turn which gives pause to an omnibus, and robs a clerk of ten minutes' drudgery, is a perpetual offence. Time is money, says the voice of business, and there is no sacrifice which should be withheld from the economical god. And so a government, which with the generous air of a patron is willing to

spend many thousands upon the maintenance of museums, scratches the face of its city until it be no longer recognisable. Here it will raze a house to the ground, for which association might have claimed reverence; there it will make straight the crooked ways, for no better reasons than that the citizen may lie longer abed, and that the worn-out cab-horse may crawl another year to plump the public purse.

The vestrymen, who wantonly tear down what the centuries have fashioned, can only replace beauty by a uniformity of ugliness. The accidental mystery of time and change dies at the advent of iron and concrete, especially when the iron and concrete, from which some strange effect might have been evoked, are swaddled in freestone and shrouded in marble. With swift determination the expensive folly of Hausmann is encroaching upon the ancient splendours of the Great Monarch and the refined elegance of Louis the Fifteenth. It would be impossible to estimate the cost to amenity of the Boulevard Saint Michel, and now a worse horror is crawling across Paris. Its progress is slow; to-day the monster boasts but head and tail, though the body will surely grow, and though hecatombs of victims are ready for his sustenance. It is called the Boulevard Raspail, and for its expedience the Faubourg Saint Germain is to be sliced in half. At present it is a useless mystery, which baffles alike the oldest cabman and the astutest Parisian. You can only characterise it as a collection of blind alleys, and

the windings necessary to trace its dishonoured career are vague and endless. You might employ a long summer's day in surveying its iniquity, and bring back but a bare half-knowledge. One discoverer there was who set forth with the curiosity of Columbus to find the house which bore the number *sixty*. With a light heart he stood opposite to number *two*, and after a week's patient travel was forced to own the quest impossible. And it is for this that palaces are destroyed and gardens made desolate! Doubtless when the work of destruction is complete, one other straight line will be drawn across the city: once again the municipal ambition will be satisfied; one more thoroughfare will be warranted to hurl its passengers from end to end with the smallest damage to shoe-leather; and only the fastidious will resent the affront put upon immemorial beauty, the irremediable outrage done to the past.

The ostensible motive for this iconoclasm is simple enough; but neither material convenience nor even greed itself is sufficient to explain the senseless anger of the Vandal. Certain minds, certain periods, are seized with more than Gothic ire. At times even the intelligent are taken with this indomitable rage against antiquity. Our own London has suffered bitterly, and it was this impulse, no doubt, that drove the mighty Bentley to mar the beauty of Trinity's great court, and piously to wish the destruction of every building in Cambridge that was not neatly designed in the Italian manner. How then should Paris have escaped? What the avarice of the Second Empire left intact, the recklessness of the Third Republic would violate, and it is to the glory of the French capital that she still guards many a secret, and still harbours an infinitude of surprise.

For though the Iconoclast's sole justification should be logic, he is still illogical. He stays his pick suddenly and without cause. It is not mercy that bids him spare temple and tower; mercy he knows not; yet he hesitates at a hundred points whereat his reason should bid him advance. And in the result there remain to us innumerable streets which are something more than thoroughfares, which do not merely resemble telegraphic tubes of air constructed for the instant transmission of messages,—streets, in one aspect picture-galleries, wherein every masterpiece is separate and complete, in another animated pages of history, which may be read without the tedious intervention of the archives. So we may mark the footsteps of the great; so we may wonder at the matchless change and chance which uniformity has not assailed; so in admiration we may penetrate the mysteries which the idle pass by, and which municipal fury will presently desecrate.

Wherever the Vandal has refrained, there you find colour, character, romance. You wander down a narrow alley, and behind a hidden portal you come upon a courtyard, shining with light and air, glorified in a corner by a hanging garden, or sumptuously adorned with an ancient stairway. If you deplore the demolition of the Cité, the perfect tranquillity of the Isle Saint-Louis transports you to the time when its palaces were the fresh pride of their architects. The Rue Mouffetard is to-day what it was a century since, the resort of those who fight hard for a meagre living. While the Place Maubert, stripped of its rag-pickers and its splendid squalor, has been converted into a perfect monument of modern architecture, there is a corner, but a stone's throw distant, that reveals the spirit of ancient Paris. Hazard seems to have preserved this

tiny quarter, which lies between the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the river, forgotten and intact. It bears upon it all the marks of a decaying neighbourhood. The milk-shop with its dirty white front jostles the tavern of dusky red; the pumpkins displayed at every door suggest the frugality of the inhabitants; the rag and bone merchant thrives at every turn, and not uncommonly carries on his trade in a dilapidated mansion. Nor does the aspect of his wares dishonour their surroundings. Is it not for this most picturesque of chaffering that palaces grow old and fall into disrepute? Here is many a stately hotel with gable and round-headed windows; on this side you espy a miracle of iron-work, on that a richly carved door which once opened to the presence of valiant warriors and great ladies. The inhabitants are so little proud of their quarter's magnificence that they look aghast at the stranger's curiosity; and he who gazes through a wicket at the elegant mouldings which separate the storeys of some tenement house, or at its richly decorated cornice, must expect the resentment of its humble, unconscious tenant. The names of the streets are as antique and curious as the aspect of the houses. The Rue de la Bûcherie bears convincing testimony to an ancient industry, while the Rue Galande took its name from an enterprise long since fallen into desuetude. There is a false touch of grandeur in the Rue de l'Hôtel Colbert, despite its splendid mansion, but the ineptitude is explained when you remember that fifty years ago the street was still called the Rue des Rats, a name only discarded by the vanity of its inhabitants. The romantic title of the Rue Zacharie brings back a vision of Balzac, and the Rue Git-le-cœur hard by is a pathetic version of our own Bleeding Heart Yard. The quarter

touches the fringe of the University, and it is not surprising that religious houses were once found within its limits. Time was when the priests of Saint-Séverin lived beneath the shadows of their noble church; across the way at a corner spared by the modern boulevard the ancient Carmelites prayed and suffered; while the Romanesque Saint-Julien le Pauvre is tucked away, so to say, in a back yard, and to-day may only be approached tortuously through a tangled alley and a furtive gateway.

And who are they who have usurped this inheritance of worn-out dignity? Workmen, doubtless they are, and the hapless followers of mean trades. But at night this river-side corner is the meeting place of thieves and assassins, and thus it has acquired a character that is dangerous and its own. Thither after dark the birds that prey upon society flock to find shelter and companionship. Their favourite house of call stands in the Rue Galande, and that the idea of bloodshed may be ever present to those prowlers in dark places, their tavern is known as the Château Rouge, and is painted an ominous colour. The Château, indeed, as its familiars term it with affection, is a club of criminals, and withal so admirably conducted that even the casual visitor is not likely to meet with the slightest incivility within its walls. Though the scoundrel with whom you drink a glass of kirsch would be only too rejoiced in other circumstances to empty your pockets and throw you into the Seine, he respects the laws of hospitality and is quite content to beg a cigarette or levy a light tax of halfpence. The house itself is a marvel of architecture, and might have been the pride of the quarter. For here, says tradition, dwelt Gabrielle D'Estrée, the beautiful Duchess of Beaufort, whom the gallant Henry adored, and whose

death even his fickleness deplored for a fortnight. The house and the street have changed vastly since the gayest of monarchs visited the fairest of his mistresses. And yet in change's despite they are the same. Through the wicket of 57, Rue Galande, once passed courtiers and their ladies; through the same wicket there slouches to-day the burglar or assassin, upon whose shoulder the hand of justice will most certainly fall. And by an accident of mercy the gateway, the courtyard, the window even have been spared, not because they were Gabrielle's, not because they belong to the Château Rouge, but because Time and Chance and Vandalism conspired to forget them. But you must put away the memory of Henry and his court, when you enter this tavern of plunder and bloodshed. To arrive at the real horror you cross a yard, and thence a glass door will lead you to the zinc-covered bar. There stands the landlord, a burly man in his shirt-sleeves. The friend of criminals, the agent of the police, he stands half-way between crime and justice, and while he gives shelter to the hunted wrongdoer, he may not resent the swift, sure descent of the avenger. The character of his clients is suggested by the legend, which stands out upon the wall, *You are requested to pay before being served*; and you understand the necessity of a sharp scrutiny when you leave the bar, and catch sight of the ruffians who throng the Salon, as they call their meeting-place. Now, it is the peculiar humour of these dragged pilgrims to dignify their club with such fine names as befit its traditions, and the great Henry may well smile in the shades at the ironical transformation of the house that once he knew so pleasantly.

But the Salon is noble in nothing more than in name. It is the true haunt of squalor, and not even

curiosity will save the visitors from a shock of disgust. There huddled in corners or sprawled upon the long tables sleeps a motley gang of ragga-muffins. Men and women of all ages catch a moment's repose under the gas, hiding their eyes behind a battered hat, or shrouding their head with the tatters of a threadbare coat. The conditions of the club are simple and moderate. The purchase of one drink makes the vagabond free of the house, and he may sleep in any corner he choose until three in the morning, when he is turned pitilessly out into the street, and bidden to face whatever surprise of wind or snow, sleet or rain Providence may have in store for him. Meanwhile he enjoys the warmth and foul air of the Château; if sleep be not vouchsafed to his fatigue or drunkenness, he sips his glass, he smokes his cigarette, and babbles to his neighbour of the trade which they both follow. The interior is decorated as appropriately as the outside. There is everywhere a suggestion of the prevailing red, and a set of rude pictures scrawled upon the wall represent the crimes in which the frequenters and their colleagues have had a share. Should a stranger enter, there is an instant hubbub, for then the criminal sees the one hope of plunder permitted to his hour of ease. He shakes sleep from his eyelids, and is eager to provide such entertainment as is proper to the occasion. He will offer to sing the song of the House; he will recite in a voice raucous with absinthe and fatigue the story of the last murder, neatly contrived in couplets. Or, if he be powerful, he will perform valiant feats of weight-lifting, or suddenly tearing off a ragged shirt, he will display upon his chest and arms a veritable picture-gallery. Here is tattooed with considerable ingenuity the traditional crucifixion; there is a realistic presenta-

tion of "the Box"; and a few half-pence are all that these ruffians ask for the only honest work, if work it be called, that it is ever their lot to perform.

While the avaricious or accomplished are bent on your amusement, the idle growl that their rest is interrupted; and all those who can shake off the yoke of lethargy crowd about you to beg a cigarette. These demands are easily satisfied, though at times the wounded vanity of a singer or strong man may cause a disturbance or even bloodshed. Once upon a time when a disconsolate rascal, whose receding chin and forehead left his nose a genuine promontory, was singing the tedious song of the House, the strong man, bursting in upon the performance, claimed an instant right to exhibit his talent. The singer modestly complained that he was only obeying a request; the strong man was obdurate, and would have driven his quaking rival from the room, had not the burly landlord suddenly appeared, armed with the yard of lead-piping wherewith he is wont to keep order in this unsavoury haunt of the Muses. At sight of the landlord's weapon even the strong man recoiled; the timid minstrel piped nervously until he reached the last verse, and every one shuddered at the awful vengeance which would inevitably be wreaked when three o'clock found them all upon the street. But the Salon is not the Château's only apartment. In the corner opens another room, worthily styled the Hall of the Dead. There, in a darkness broken only by a flickering point of gas, lie the poor wretches who have drunk their glass and who demand sleep rather than converse. On the ground, with neither mattresses nor covering, they curl and twist: when a heavy sleep has overtaken them, they might be so many bundles of rags; and when they turn restless

in their splendid hovel they show like spectres in the half penetrable gloom.

Such is the haunt of the cut-throats and pickpockets in the Rue Galande, and it is none the less genuine because certain writers have advertised it into fame. Also it is notable that in the songs of the House there is no touch of the music-hall, no condescension to the frivolity of the hour. In England a rogues' concert would be a far-off echo of fashionable dissipation. The poor ruffian, who had never seen wine sparkle in the glass, would sing a ditty on the glory of champagne, and smack his lips as though the enthusiasm were unfeigned. But at the Château Rouge there is no hypocrisy. Its frequenters are expert enough in their own tradition to admire the talent of Aristide Bruant, their proper laureate. They are clever enough to learn the songs wherein he has described their own miseries, and it is said that his rare appearances at the Château have been greeted with the wildest outburst of flattered vanity. Briefly it is a strange mixture of squalor and intelligence, of quick wit and ready crime; and though one visit is enough to glut your curiosity, though you come away with an unpleasant taste in your mouth, you cannot withhold admiration from the Château's plain revelation of itself and its character.

One such haunt begets others, and the Rue Galande is rich in what our eighteenth century called boozing-kens. Opposite the Château Rouge was once a milk-shop, whose infamy surpassed the brutal rascalism of its red neighbour. There you might encounter the apprentices of crime, boys with no chins and sanguine eyes, who drank their glass and played their game of dominoes in profound forgetfulness of the police-station at the corner. But to-day the milk-shop

stands empty, and the ruffians have sought shelter further afield, or have wandered to the Rue des Anglais hard by, where stands the famous tavern of Père Lunette. Here there is more pretension and less spontaneity. A real poet, who died at his post, once composed a description of the place in homely verse, and this for many years he was used to recite. The walls are decorated with caricatures, whose authors have won a wider fame. But there is a distressing eagerness in the reception of strangers, a professional anxiety to lighten the casual pocket of its coppers, a touch of insincerity in the reception of the notorious song, which agree ill with the blatant freedom of the place. "In the thieves' trade," sings the poet of the moment, "the cord is always near the neck, and life is not rose-coloured. Soon the thief shall be hanged and find in the gallows his only apotheosis." But the mob applauds for the thousandth time; the immortal hat goes round, and though there is an outward show of appreciation and good humour,

you suspect that the spectacle is prepared for the public, and you go home unsatisfied.

Such are some of the places which remain in this forgotten corner of ancient Paris. The church of Notre Dame frowns superbly upon their squalor and their crime. The wayfarer loses himself in the intricate network of surrounding streets, but he cannot regret an experience which takes him in an instant so far back into the past. Who would not rather miss his road in the neighbourhood of the Rue du Chat qui Pêche, than find it along the length of the commonplace tramway? Yet the Rue Galande will not long survive. The municipal passion for improvement has foredoomed it to destruction. One day a vestryman will awake to the dignity and age which have fortuitously escaped. He will substitute for the ancient palace a neat and commodious warehouse; and the Rue Galande will follow the Place Maubert, the great Maube, as its admirers styled it, into the universal forgetfulness.

THE FLYING BISHOPS.

"TALKING of bicycles, motor-cars, and all that, what were they, sir, to the old Archdeacon and his kite-carriage?"

It was Mr. Featherly, the keeper of the toy-shop opposite, and one of the oldest inhabitants, who addressed the company assembled in the coffee-room of the Spotted Hind at Spilford. The Spotted Hind, as many travellers know, is an old-fashioned, oak-panelled inn standing half-way up the almost precipitous High Street of Spilford; and in its coffee-room you might find of an evening, besides one or two strangers like myself, most of the local celebrities, or such of them at least as were not playing pool in the billiard-room down the courtyard. The landlord himself, when not called away by business, lounged and talked among us with the dignified ease of a host and an important citizen. He was a burly young man, with a complexion indicating a knowledge of the world and some experience in the selection of liquors, booted and breeched, and not ignorant, in suitable company, of the latest odds on the autumn handicaps.

At the moment, however, conversation ran rather upon the inexhaustible question of the best methods to be adopted for the revival of trade in Spilford. The substantial carpenter and wheelwright, not oblivious of having once been employed to build a boat, had waggishly suggested a regatta. But the river being mainly composed of odorous chemicals and scarcely navigable for two barges abreast, this suggestion had been met with the laugh it was intended to

raise. Then, while the conversation wandered discursively to a dog-show, an exhibition of bicycles, and what the grocer boldly described as a jump-canner (meaning thereby, as we discovered on reflection, a gymkhana), Mr. Featherly broke in as above, and the company settled itself down for a story.

"Old Archdeacon Borradaile and his kite-carriage."

"His kite-carriage!" exclaimed several voices.

"Why, yes, certainly," said the keeper of the toy-shop, beaming with delight.

"Did ye ever see it?"

"Well, once or twice, as a boy; but that would be some years after Tim Muggleton's race with the Flying Bishop."

"Rummy name for a horse," ejaculated the landlord, whose mind instinctively reverted to Flying Childers.

"Who said anything about a horse?" Mr. Featherly retorted. "I said a carriage. I can remember the last time I saw it,—an old-fashioned sort of a small phaeton, much the worse for wear and standing in an outhouse with one wheel off. But I knew the Archdeacon well enough, and often heard him tell the whole story. The Archdeacon,—you'll know—died only a matter of four or five years ago, at the age,—say of eighty; yes, he couldn't have been less than eighty."

"It was a matter of forty years before then that he set up his carriage and rode in it too on windy days. I remember seeing it, as a boy, come

down the London Road at near twenty-five mile an hour, I should say. But the railways stopped it,—and that 'll settle the date for you ; no, not the trains, but the coming of the railways, the bridges, and the telegraph-poles and wires that got in the way of the ropes, so the Archdeacon said. He was a curious and a wonderful learned man at mathematics and all that, no end of a Wrangler, as they call them, at his University College, and a bit cracked, some did say, but a fine old English gentleman. So he made his kite-carriage himself, made the kite, that is, with the help of an old gardener who was a bit of a carpenter, and his wife she sewed the sails. The carriage was an old square phaeton like a box, with the shafts off, and steering-gear put on in front like one of these new autumn-motor-cars. And there were two kites,—a small one below, about six feet across, for a guide, and one above, a good twelve or fifteen feet wide, that did all the work when you got it up. The whole thing was a curious sight such as you wouldn't often see, and of an evening sometimes in a half-light would give you fits if at all nervously disposed, for the sails were both black as your hat and looked like a couple of enormous crows getting up.

"Well, it was the Archdeacon's fancy, being an eccentric man, to travel now and again in that way when the wind was favourable ; and so in a month or two most of the people in the villages of Maresleigh and Nutfield got to know the contraption (people in a village get used to anything), and the children would run for miles to see the kites come by, the Archdeacon sitting solemn on the box with his hand on the wheel, his wife perhaps by his side (wasn't often she would come), and the gardener, who was groom too, perched behind,

and keeping a sharp look-out. They had one or two nasty accidents, I've heard, but the Archdeacon, who had plenty of money, paid up like a gentleman to keep 'em dark, so he might pursue his hobby in peace. He was a wonderful genius for inventions, and nearly perfected a flying-machine, which brings me to the point of my story.

"It was just about this time that Tim Muggleton (none of you here will recollect Tim Muggleton) was let out of the old gaol. A beggarly, thieving scamp he was and a scarecrow to look at, if ever you saw him half drunk lying about on a market-day. But they used to call him half in joke the Last of the Highwaymen. Well, he was that, or at least he had a taste that way from a boy ; they said it came from reading bad books, same as it does now, according to the police-reports. This was in the early days before railways and all that, you'll remember, when strange things went on in out-of-the-way country places. Tim Muggleton, for that matter, had gone on the road at the early age of eleven, with a toy pocket-pistol and a trusty comrade, who ran away. Tim's father, a shady character himself, beat the boy well for it ; but what was bred in the bone would out in the flesh, and Tim had grown up a good-for-nothing rascal, idle except when he was picking pockets. He had a wretched beast of a pony he used to ride about the country, letting on that he was a tinker. But in the foggy evenings (and you know how the fog lies about that valley between Nutfield and Little Spilford) he used to stop old people coming from market with an old horse-pistol crying *Stand and deliver*, which they did, being mostly old women. He confessed to it all afterwards.

"But there was one night, and a wild night it was too, and late, when

he came galloping into Nutfield on his broken-kneed pony as if all the fiends were after him, right up to the door of old Potterton the constable (that was what made some folks say he was mad) that lived next door to the village lock-up; and when old Potterton came out in his high hat (this was before the days of the new police) he found Tim Muggleton howling, like the Irish loon he was, to be taken up, put anywhere, if it were a hole in the ground,—only, 'Save me,' he says, 'from the flyin' bishops,' and he set confessing his sins, thefts of ten year old and the like. So old Potterton, seeing he was bad, mad, or drunk, or all three, shuts him up and goes back to bed. And in the lock-up you could hear Tim howling louder than the wind, half through the night, 'The flyin' bishops, the flyin' bishops! Holy Jasus and Maria save us from the flyin' bishops!'—till half the people came out and stood in the roadway, fairly scared to hear him, with no notion what he meant till,—till a few minutes later, when they all joined in the cry,—yes, every man jack of them—and ran home squealing like so many stuck pigs.

"They must have known better, some o' them, but what with the suddenness of the thing, as it went down the London Road just past the corner by the lock-up, and the darkness and the wind, and the howling of Tim Muggleton, they weren't themselves, being only village-folk, and this before the days of railways and all that. But Tim, of course, he knew nothing of the Archdeacon and his carriage, being, as I've said, in gaol.

"Now it happened that, only half an hour before, he had met the cowman's boy on the high road bringing home some egg-money to his mother, and after frightening the lad with horrid oaths and threatening to ride over him, he had taken all that he

had and galloped off. But he wasn't feeling very easy in his mind seeing the boy cried so, and the plunder was only a matter of a few shillings, and out of a poor old woman's pocket. 'No matter,' says Tim to himself, 'I'll get clare out of this country and be off to the mighty methropolus'; and he whacks the old pony and starts down the London Road like all possessed.

"It was a wild night, as I've said, and windy, with driving clouds that now and then hid the moon; and it happened that night of all nights that the Archdeacon must needs be trying one of his new experiments in aerostatics or whatever they call 'em. And this time nothing 'ud please him but he must go alone, without the carriage and fly, which had long been an idea of his,—though it wasn't exactly flying, neither. Some of you'll maybe know the feel, perhaps, when you're dreaming at night (I often have it myself) and you go across country, most often in your bare night-shirt and slippers, and just touch the ground here and there with a sort of spring, and up you go like a bird (indigestion, I believe it is), and come down light as a feather,—not like as when you think you're falling over banisters and don't touch at all, or if you do, it's your death—at least they say so. Well, this is how the Archdeacon and his kite came down the London Road; and as the sail settled into the wind, where the way is broad and straight and there are no trees, he ran after it twenty yards or so and then, hanging on to the rope (he used only one sail then, the big one), would jump into the air some ten or twenty feet up and float for maybe fifty yards if the wind held steady,—for he was a heavy man—and then slide gently down (I've heard him say the sensation was just like Heaven) and give one kick-off, or a short run, and then up he'd

go again, till once or twice he was half afraid he'd never get down again. But he was well pleased, too, for the wind was just right for the sport and there seemed to be nothing in the way, it being a lonely bit of country at that hour of night.

"But there was, as I've told you; there was Tim Muggleton and his pony lolloping and scrambling away for all and more than they was worth. And when Tim looked round, the first thing he saw was a man in black running along the road after him; and the next thing he saw was a great black thing hovering high up like an enormous bird that seemed to fill up half the sky, for it darkened over just then and the moon went out. So when he saw that, and that both the things were coming after him like the wind, as was natural enough, having moreover a guilty conscience, he just fell on the neck of his pony with fright, and kicked the beast, and screamed like all possessed.

"But the Archdeacon, either by reason of the wind or of his being a bit deaf, never heard, and, through looking up at the kite, never saw Tim or the pony till he was right on him; but by the mercy of Providence he flew some ten feet clean over his head, and him yelling below all the time like fifty screech-owls, and the pony shied and fell down with fright. Natural enough, even if it had been Balaam's ass, for it's not often you have a man in tights and a long coat flying about your head in a public highway. Well, just there the old Archdeacon thought he'd said good-bye to the diocese and was off to the New Jerusalem, for he never touched the ground, so 'twas said and so it seems, for another quarter of a mile, and when he got down he drew the whole contraption together on the roadside, and set to work, seeing no harm was done, just to put something

straight with the kite. He'd only just light enough to do it by, when swish, a great cloud whisks over the moon again like a curtain drawing. Not but that he could see a scarecrow of a man and horse come clattering by, for Tim had pulled the pony up again and both was frightened out of their senses. And when it saw the great heap of black by the roadside, for the Archdeacon had propped up the sail against the hedge to get at it easier, the beast shied again and went off like a bolting rabbit, and Tim was hanging on to its neck all anyhow and screaming out in his Irish brogue (that's how the Archdeacon knew who it was), 'A flyin' bishop—Holy Maria, save me soul, a flyin' bishop!' And when the Archdeacon heard that he laughed fit to split, and says to himself, for he was a magistrate of course and often sat on the Bench: 'It's you, is it, Tim, you thieving, poaching tinker? Well, I'll just scare you off the road this time,' and up he throws the kite. It wouldn't start at first, and at any time it took a strong tall man to set it going; but the Archdeacon he wasn't to be beat, being moreover something of a sportsman, with the feeling that it was a race between him, the Archdeacon, and the last of the Highwaymen, and that the Church would be eternally disgraced if he was to be left behind by a rat of a pony. Just then the gale came on again, and up went the sail, wobbling this way and that till it tightened like a drum some thirty feet up in the air, pulling like a pair of cart-horses. And the Archdeacon took a short run and jumped into the air like a lark, and away he went. They might be going, I suppose, a matter of twenty or five and twenty miles an hour, and soon overhauled the pony.

"Now, this time both the beast and its miserable rider heard the

thing coming after 'em, and the rustling and creaking of the great sail down the wind; and they went for all they were worth, Tim shrieking and sweating with fright, and the pony covered with foam and snorting like a grampus. Tim Muggleton he just looked round once, and give such a yell as you might hear six miles off, 'Another of 'em,' and he took to crying louder than before, 'The flyin' bishops, the flyin' bishops!' and never stopped till, as I've said, he got to the lock-up at Nutfield, and for that matter, not then. But the Archdeacon overhauled him of course going easy, and when Tim saw the great black kite soaring away ahead of him and felt another big black thing fluttering at his back he was just properly scared, and so was the pony; but as it was blowing half a gale just then, they couldn't get away, and the Archdeacon he couldn't help laughing, and, thinking it would do no harm and might do good, he just tipped the beggar's hat over his eyes with one toe as he flew over him, and roars at him in his deep bass voice, 'Tim,' says he, 'Tim Muggleton, you thief, I'll have your soul.'

"Well, that just about finished Tim, and finishes my story; for the

pony, when it saw the Archdeacon come down on the roadway, the wind flagging a bit just then, right in front of him, he turns sharp round, and off up the by-lane to Saltham and Nutfield, with Tim Muggleton clinging round his neck like a lost child, and yelling out to all the saints, as I've told you, to save him from the flying bishops.

"That was how he got there first, for the Archdeacon being a bit blown, what with running and laughing and flying through the air, he sat down by the roadside, I've heard him say, for a goodish bit before he tried another trip. And so he passed the end of the village some five minutes after Tim had been locked up, otherwise he'd have got there first, the high road being the shorter way by a mile or so.

"As to pace,—well, I can't say exactly what pace the Archdeacon went, fast enough I dare say when he was in the air. But the kite-carriage no doubt made a better record of miles in the hour, what with the ropes being longer and the two sails, you see, and both being higher up. No, I can't recall what it was,—faster, I reckon, than any of these autumn-motor cars."

AN EPOCH ON RUMBLING CREEK.

It was just about twenty years ago that the art of fly-fishing first dawned upon the sportsmen of the Southern States of America. It is well known that the latter have for all time been devoted to the chase, but the gentle art, in any sense worthy of the name, has till recently held no place at all in their sporting calendar. No countries are better watered than the five States which, from Maryland to Georgia inclusive, face the Atlantic. No rivers were ever better stocked with fish of the coarser variety than those which rise in the Great Alleghany ranges, at the back of all these States, and flow eastward to the ocean. But of the three sporting fish of America, the salmon, black bass, and trout, the first is not found in the South, the second is a recent importation, while the last, though indigenous and abundant, is confined entirely to the aforesaid mountain ranges. And these ranges, which form the Western boundary, roughly speaking, of all the South Atlantic States, have been always far removed, both geographically and socially, from the ordinary spheres of Southern life. In the countless clear streams which furrow the wooded sides of the great Alleghany system trout have been always indigenous and more or less abundant. But most of this romantic country has only been opened within the last decade or two to the knowledge of even Southerners themselves. It has been inhabited, to be sure, for a century and more, but mainly by the wildest, most ignorant and lawless types of that class which generations of slavery cast up upon the rough and waste places of the

land. We allude to the Poor Whites of the South, a people despised and shunned by all ranks of the old slave-owning class, and even by the very negroes themselves; a folk who may be said to have lived from generation to generation amid ærial forests, and to have been born, married, and buried in a mountain clearing. These, however, till comparatively recent years, were the only trout-fishers in the South, for the very excellent reason that it was only in the wild and romantic territory they inhabited that the trout was found. The thousand streams that babble so temptingly through Virginia and the Carolinas are, so far as that gamest of fish is concerned, entirely barren when once they have left the forest shades of their native mountains. Under the hot suns of the South the shallow waters of these mountain brooks take on a temperature too high for trout to flourish in; and the fish that, before civilisation opened the lower country, no doubt were content to abide there, are now exclusively found in high latitudes where beneath unbroken forests the streams run cool and clear.

When we say that Southern land-owners in old days were not fishermen, this does not mean that the brook or river which was certain to run through or close by every plantation was not utilised. There were coarse fish of various kinds everywhere, and the planter or farmer occasionally angled for them in a desultory fashion with clumsy tackle, as did, with perhaps greater zest, his boys and girls and his negroes in their

spare hours. But fishing was not a sport, as it is in England, and not one Southerner in a hundred had ever seen a trout or stood upon the banks of a trout-stream, though both were to be found in such abundance in a portion of every Southern State.

But the half savage mountaineers were inveterate and even enthusiastic trout-fishermen. They fished for sport, they fished for food, and they fished to secure the wherewithal to barter for powder and shot, coffee and sugar, at the nearest country store. They used the worm only, but each valley had its champion fisherman, who was most jealous of his reputation, and who could tell tales of trout that would have put to the blush the greatest Ananias that ever sat in a chimney corner of an Angler's Rest or Fisherman's Arms in Scotland or Wales. They fished up stream did these unkempt, illiterate children of the woods, with short lines fastened to the end of hickory poles fifteen feet long, and a worm on a single hook. They were not mere pot-hunters, either, but were fond of the sport and recognised in their rough fashion that trout-fishing, even as they followed it, was altogether a superior affair to catching chub and cat fish and horney-heads with a float in the low country rivers. They firmly believed that there were no trout anywhere else in the world but in their mountain gorges, and consequently that no other people in the world knew anything about catching them. They were Anglo-Saxons, or Irish by origin, for the most part; they had no standing and no money; their principles were of the most lax description, and they could rarely read or write. They seldom went off their mountains into the very moderate civilisation that lay close at their feet except to vote, and nobody from civilisation ever paid them a visit but a sheriff's posse on the search for

whiskey-stills, an odd cattle-drover, or a refugee from justice.

It is our firm and well-founded belief that, about the year 1874, we assisted in the very first invasion of the Alleghanies south of the Potomac ever undertaken with fly-rod and tackle. If we were not actually the first party in the whole South to make such an assault, we were most certainly the first that struck what was known as the Windy Gap section of the Blue Ridge mountains, not a hundred miles from the northern boundary of North Carolina. And what consternation and astonishment our party created upon the now familiar waters of Rumbling Creek we propose to make the subject of a brief reminiscence. Our base of operations for this notable campaign was the town of Bunkerville, a place celebrated, we need not say, for the manufacture of tobacco; and it was moreover the home of the three other sportsmen who with ourselves composed the party. These three gentlemen we will call (and this indeed without much departure from accuracy) the Colonel, the Doctor, and the Judge. As Southerners, though keen sportsmen otherwise, they were as a matter of course at that time novices in the art of fly-fishing; but the Colonel and the Judge had recently paid a visit to Scotland, and there utilising their leisure in acquiring some practical insight into the noble science, had returned home great enthusiasts. Their enthusiasm they had transmitted to the untravelled Doctor, and he had been duly entered, and carefully coached, upon the barren surface of the Colonel's mill-pond. Most people at so short a distance from the Blue Ridge, for it was little over forty miles from Bunkerville, knew that there was a good store of trout hidden away somewhere among those great forest-covered peaks, that could be just seen on clear days like

faint blue clouds above the horizon. The Colonel's immediate ambition was to inaugurate fly-fishing as a Southern sport. He had brought a great assortment of tackle from Mrs. Hogg's famous little repository in Edinburgh, and, as he was a man who did nothing by halves, had paid fifty dollars in New York for one of the then newly invented split-cane rods. He talked trout all day on the main street to audiences who had never risen above a languid interest in chub and a float, and half the night upon his porch to his family, who could not very well get away from him.

The train would take us about half way to our destination. The remainder of the distance we were to drive in the Colonel's ambulance, which his old coachman Caleb, with tent, provisions, and the rest of our baggage, was to take forward the previous day to the point where our route left the railway. Bunkerville was but a country town, and excitements were both scarce and mild. So it was almost a matter of course that its weekly organ should indulge in sundry jests at the expense of our venture. The Colonel was recommended to take revolvers instead of "fishing-poles," and he was congratulated, we remember, on his foresight in "securing the services of the first medical man in the community," which it was hinted he would be likely to need. But old Caleb, the Colonel's coloured coachman and gardener, who had been included in the expedition as part of the establishment, took it much more seriously. The Colonel had owned him before the war (not then so very long over), and now it was jokingly said he owned the Colonel; at any rate he was one of the old and privileged sort. Now there was nothing a well-constituted Southern negro despised and dreaded so much as rough wild scenery and rough low

white men. Caleb did not fancy this job at all, and confided to us at some length his sentiments on the subject. He declared that there were more mean men upon those mountains than there were hairs upon his own head. It passed his understanding, moreover, that any civilised white men should deliberately precipitate themselves into a wilderness inhabited by savages and bears. He had heard, upon the very best authority, that the mouth of hell was situated in the neighbourhood of our proposed operations, and that every dark of the moon the devil himself, with live coals for eyes, rode astride of a big black bear along the summit of the Windy Range. Fox-hunting and partridge-shooting Caleb accepted with approval as the sport of gentlemen, but these new-fangled ideas of the Colonel about trout-fishing gave the old henchman the utmost concern, seeing the places and the company into which they would lead him. And all this, too, when the mill-pond at home was full of chub, and the Colonel could sit on the bank, with his fishing-pole resting on a fork, and have his meals regular, and boys to bait his hook, and an iced julep whenever he felt in the humour for refreshment. No—Caleb could not understand it; and more particularly as he had to go himself, he condemned the whole business in most unqualified terms. If this is what came of emancipation he, for his part, would recall the days of slavery with the utmost pleasure; though considering what a much greater personage Caleb had been before the war, the concession, it must be confessed, was not such a great one as it might at first sight appear. He finished the long speech, of which this is a summary in plain English, by displaying a single-barrelled pistol he had purchased that day for a dollar, "jes ter skeer off the bars," he said. And

when two days later he met us at the station with the waggon and our baggage, and he confided to the writer that he had it loaded in his coat-tail pocket, we could not help feeling that a terror much more real than the old negro's imaginings had been added to our journey.

We were not indeed launching ourselves upon the mountains entirely without an introduction. For it so happened that an old sergeant of the Colonel's ragged, but valiant, regiment was a sort of headman among the mountaineers of the valley for which we were bound. He could write a little, or, as he expressed it, "could scratch some," and had sent word to his old commanding officer to come along whenever he felt like it. "I'll be mitey glad," he wrote, "tu teche you alls how tu cotech trout." He little thought what we were going to teach him.

We drove for twenty miles through a rolling arable country whose bright red soil showed off to exquisite perfection the rich greens of the growing crops and the freshly mantling woodlands. As we approached the mountains the fields turned gray, the homesteads grew humbler, and the red unmetalled roads changed to stony tracks, strewn with boulders and crossed continually by impetuous streams fresh from their mountain home. Old Caleb, in a steady half audible monotone, cursed the country, as his horses, unused to rocks, slipped heavily on to the pole, or lunged forward on their collars with spasmodic and uneasy jerks. "You an' me, Charley," we heard him growl to his near horse, who had almost been on his nose, "bin used ter travellin' on roads not to crawlin' up the bed of a creek among wild Injuns."¹ By the

time we reached the actual foot of the range, where the ex-sergeant's house, we had good reason for believing, was situated, the sun had sunk behind the great wall of mountains which here towered above us to the height of some four thousand feet; but against the crimson trail that it had left we could plainly see the outlines of the stunted pines and wind-swept chestnuts that crowned the topmost ridges. All below however was rapidly merging into a black chaos. Of the terrors which that vast void contained Caleb was no doubt thinking when his horses halted abruptly in their tracks, and the old man, calling out that there was a bear in the road, begged us to take the reins while he extracted the pistol from the depths of his long coat-tails. It was not a bear however this time but Sergeant Silas Dumpy, who, it must be confessed, was remarkably like one. We must leave to imagination the cordial greetings that passed between him and the Colonel, and merely remark that he piloted us safely to his log-house, which stood upon the bank of Rumbling Creek, just where it issued from the mountain. Here, on Silas's circumscribed grass plot in front of his house, we unlimbered, lit our fire, pitched our tent, and with the invaluable help of the Sergeant made everything snug for the night. It was late before we had finished our supper, and sitting round the camp-fire smoking, began seriously to discuss operations with Silas. The latter was a middle-sized, but powerful and sinewy man, with a head and face so covered with masses of tangled black hair, that Caleb might have been almost excused for mistaking him in the dark for a bear. He was now, too, in great good humour, for, though better off than most mountaineers, he rarely tasted good wheat bread, butter, sugar-cured ham or

¹ It may be worth noting, lest Caleb should be taken too seriously, that even a hundred years before the date of our visit, the noble red man was but a memory on these mountains.

Mocha coffee, and still more rarely all at one meal, with a glass of old Bourbon whiskey afterwards. "You've brought a right smart chance of whiskey along with you, I hope, Cunnel?" said he.

"Two gallons," said the Colonel, pointing with his pipe-stem to a demijohn within the circle of light; "why?"

"Them mount'n boys is apt to be a bit techy with strangers," he answered, jerking his thumb up towards the dark masses above us.

And Silas then proceeded to explain that scarcely any strangers were ever seen upon the mountain, except a sheriff's posse hunting horse-thieves or whiskey-stills, and that our presence, even as fishermen, might excite suspicions which he would find it necessary to allay. But he declared that his intervention would be greatly simplified if he had a good supply of whiskey at his back. In any case, he proposed to cut us some fishing-poles the first thing in the morning.

The Colonel's reply was to reach over for the bundle of rods that happened to be near him, and pass them to Silas.

"Well, I'll be dorgonned," said the electrified backwoodsman. "Is thar a jinted pole in each o' them gray bags?"

"There is," said the Colonel.

Silas seemed overcome with an emotion too deep for words. He had only once handled one of these strange weapons it appeared, and that was when he was away in the army. But many a time and often had he descanted upon that notable incident to his brother fishermen in the mountain. It was not, however, he declared, till he had thrown one or two scoffers into the creek, that they had consented to believe in his tale and in the existence of such fabulous implements. And now, behold, on his own

river, and right under his very nose, lay a whole bundle of them!

But Silas was to be much more astonished than this before the night was many minutes older. "Cunnel," said he, when he had recovered from this first shock, "I reckon you'll be lookin' for me to dig you some worms in the mornin'."

"Worms be hanged," said the Colonel. Silas was perhaps a little surprised, possibly hurt, at the warmth of the Colonel's tone, but still unsuspecting, he replied that he *had* heard people used crayfish, maggots, and even paste in the low country, and suggested that we might have brought a supply with us.

It was a great moment this for the pioneer of the noble art of fly-fishing in the South, as he opened his fly-book by the light of the cedar-log fire and displayed to the confused eyes of the champion fisherman of Windy Range the dainty treasures of Mrs. Hogg's repository.

Silas rubbed his eyes for a moment with the back of his hand in deep perplexity. "Them hooks is a heap too small, Cunnel, to carry a bait, and with all them feathers and truck on 'em too."

"They ain't intended to carry a bait," said the Judge striking in; "the feathers are the bait."

"Good Lord ha' mussey, you ain't proposin' to catch Rumbli'n' Crick trout on them ar fool things?"

"Yes, we are, and a heap of 'em too," said the Colonel with much dignity.

The mountaineer's face was in shadow and we could not, unfortunately, catch its expression after this astonishing announcement, but we heard a familiar click and the sound of a solid projectile hitting the side of the tent, and then rolling gently down its dewy surface. We knew it was a quid of tobacco, and understood the

mingled feelings which prompted the discharge.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Sergeant, after a brief interval of silence, "I believe I'll say good-night. I reckon I'd better get them worms in the mornin', and see if I can't scare up some hooks."

We should like to dwell for a moment on the splendour of the sunrise on these Southern mountains, and endeavour, if only in some inadequate fashion, to recall the manner in which the golden glory, driving before it the dark shadows and the light vapours of early dawn, steals downwards over this vast sea of many-tinted dew-laden leaves. But space forbids, and Silas, true to his word, had come provided with a tin of worms, and some fear-some-looking hooks attached to a foot or so of coarse gut. We duly and properly expressed our gratitude, and declared that we would gladly fall back on his supplies if our own methods failed, but in the meantime we should try those first. "Well, gentlemen, you alls is out on a frolic anyway [a frolic indeed!], and it ain't no business of mine; but when you git tired flicken' them feather-hooks aroun' I reckon you'll find the worms come in sorter handy."

To say we had absolutely no qualms about the fly-taking inclinations of these trout would be untrue. But there was nothing whatever in the surrounding conditions here to keep them from following their natural instinct, and upon the whole we felt tolerably confident.

There were perhaps ten miles of available fishing on Rumbling Creek above our camping-ground. Below, the trout grew rapidly scarcer, till, after a short neutral territory which they shared with various sorts of coarse fish, they disappeared altogether in favour of the latter. In the high mountains, however, they

admitted no inferior species to share their glancing rapids and swirling pools of crystal water. They were the ordinary American brook-trout, the *fontinalis*, silver in colour, red of fin, and pink of flesh; and here, as one would have expected, they ran small, sometimes three, more often four or five to the pound, with a thin sprinkling of what Silas called whalers, fish, that is to say, of a pound or more.

Every mile or so up the river were small clearings in the forest, where scanty crops of corn, oats, or tobacco struggled with weeds and briars in stump-strewn enclosures, or beneath the giant skeletons of what had once been living trees, killed by girdling to save trouble to the indolent occupants. In each clearing stood three or four cabins of unhewn logs chinked with mud, and flanked by rude chimneys of sticks and clay. We cannot pause here to introduce the reader to the angular sallow-faced matrons who sit at their spinning-wheels inside, or to their equally sallow, but more nimble, bare-footed daughters in big sun-bonnets, hoeing in the poor garden-patch or washing the scanty family linen in the stream below; or yet to the old crones blinking over their knitting-needles on the shady side of the house. They are nearing their hundredth year some of these old witches, and have known no other life since they can remember, nor is it likely that the girls at the brook except by an accident will ever know any other. And there is nothing incongruous in dropping into the present tense as we find ourselves doing here, for twenty years has made no difference on Rumbling Creek. There is perhaps no drearier existence led by any Anglo-Saxon females in the world than that endured by these mountain women. What to them are the everlasting hills and the fairy-

land of leaves and glancing streams among which they are immovably fixed? Not much indeed at any time, and least of all when fast bound in the icy stillness of fierce winter or even later when in the dawn of spring the biting March winds roar through the naked forests and whistle through the gaping chinks in their crazy cabins. For the men there are many compensations. They fish and hunt and fight and get-drunk, and that too more often on whiskey that pays no tax. But for the women it is different. American travellers profess amazement at Connemara, but we fancy the Connemara woman upon the whole suffers no more deprivation, and most certainly leads a cheerier life, than the wives and daughters of a considerable portion of these Southern mountaineers.¹

It was probably eight o'clock in the morning before we got to work, and long before that hour news had sped up the mountain that there was "a parcel of low country folks, camped down below and fixed up for fishing." Natural curiosity, and an instinct for whiskey, soon provided us with an audience; and while we were yet completing our preparations, half a dozen woodlanders had solemnly ranged themselves before us, and with lack-lustre eyes, and jaws working mechanically on the inevitable quid, were with great deliberation trying to take in the situation. Three of them had fishing-poles, fifteen feet long at least, over their shoulders; another carried a long brass-mounted Kentucky rifle. Silas now presented us to them in due form. He explained that we were not a sheriff's posse, nor were we surveyors come to

inspect their ever precarious titles, nor were we cattle-men, or anything else unpleasant, but merely harmless individuals from Bunkerville out on a frolic with a demijohn of whiskey and "a sorter notion of tryin' the trout." To this low level did Silas's eloquence reduce us, and at the word *trout* he gave such a prodigious wink at his friends that it could have been seen halfway up the mountain. Three of the natives had smooth, yellow faces with receding chins, and sloping shoulders, the other two were short and squat, and apparently covered with hair. They wore coarse cotton shirts and homespun trousers tucked into long boots, one or two of them, however, being bare-footed.

The whiskey was brought out, and having shaken our hands all round in flabby and fish-like fashion, they declared they were mighty glad to see us, which at the moment was beyond a doubt sincere. They also remarked that there were plenty of trout in the creek, adding significantly, "for them as knowed how to cotch 'em." Old Caleb in the meantime was moving fussily about, with much parade of anxiety, and with a most solemn face, picking up stray articles, and putting them ostentatiously into his waggon. The drift of his movements became apparent when he touched our elbow in passing and remarked: "Yo' keep yo' eyes, sah, set plum on them thar men. Them kind'll steal the teeth out'n yo' head befo' you knows whar you is."

Silas now brought out our rods for general admiration, which was freely accorded by our new friends; but that feeling was soon sunk in an amused contempt for our ridiculous "featherhooks." Though much the youngest in years of the party, we were a veteran compared to the rest in the matter of fly-fishing, and proceeded to explain that we had in

¹ This description, it should be understood, is not applicable to the inhabitants of the limestone or natural grass regions of the Alleghanies, who, though rough and unsophisticated, are generally prosperous enough in their circumstances.

England killed thousands of trout in this fashion. "England, oh Lordy!" said one of the little men. "Why, that's the country whar thar's a king as takes a tenth of all you raise, ain't it?" The name seemed to stir a chord too in the memory of one of his attenuated companions, who, rubbing his forehead as if to quicken thought, drawled out: "That thar's the place Grandma useter run on 'bout so, away out yonder t'other side of everythin', ain't it? Her folks come from out thar when she was a bit of chap."¹

"Well," interrupted the Judge, "it's where all our folks came from some time or other; that's as sure as shooting. So come, let's get to work."

But the Colonel had yet another surprise in store for the mountain. As we have said, he was a man who did nothing by halves, and while in the old country, had not failed to provide himself with waders and brogues. In these he now appeared, and fairly paralysed the rude audience. It was a great sight to see him thus attired, with a new basket hung on his back, a landing-net in one hand and his gorgeous rod in the other, descend into the pellucid shallows of Rumbling Creek. Such a spectacle could never have been conceived even by the wildest imagination on the mountain. But the Colonel, honest man, looked proudly conscious of the solemnity of the occasion, and maintained a dignity befitting the inauguration of a great sport. As he waded into the streamy tail of a most beautiful pool, one could almost fancy him consecrating the waters, before proceeding to open this new epoch in the history of Southern angling.

The mountaineers stood in a row upon the bank, with eyes and mouths wide open in amazement at such a spec-

tacle, Silas with the reserve baits at their head.

The Colonel was not a great expert, but he was quite good enough for the trout of Rumbling Creek, that had never seen an artificial fly in their lives, and there was moreover a breeze behind him. As he let out his line and made the usual preliminary casts, there was an audible stir among the spectators. The first two or three serious throws up the pool provoked some stifled merriment; but at the next—heaven and earth!—up went the point of the Colonel's rod and a six-ounce fish, fast on his tail-fly, leaped a foot into the air. Never shall we forget the excitement among those lethargic mountaineers. They fairly danced upon the shore. "Heist him out, Cunnel!" they yelled. "Fling him on the bank, or he's a gonner, sho'."

But the Colonel did nothing of the kind at this supreme moment. With rod at the perpendicular, in the most approved manner taught him in Scotland, and his spare hand on the reel, he proceeded with the most admirable presence of mind to wind up the game little fish, and in the most collected manner possible, to humour his struggles, and finally to bring him head up into his landing-net. In less than a minute he had another fish on, and successfully repeated the same operation, the mountaineers in the meantime keeping up a chorus of ejaculations not found in Webster.

When the pool had been thoroughly fished, the great pioneer waded leisurely to the bank, and taking off his hat began to wipe from his forehead the signs of that emotion which he had so admirably in other ways suppressed, and thus delivered himself to the amazed mountaineers. "There, gentlemen, that is the way to catch trout. I hope to see the day when not a bait or a worm will be dropped

¹ Vernacular for *child*.

into this beautiful stream on whose banks you have the good fortune to live." As the Judge said, the Colonel looked as if he had just been elected President of the United States. If the thrill of the performances of which this was the inauguration did not shake the United States, it shook these mountains from end to end. Men, who had believed themselves the only trout-fishers in the world, were knocked flat upon their back, so to speak, by men and methods whose apparent greenness in the art had given them a brief interval of unqualified delight.

Exactly how many dozen trout we took on that day, and on the two next, is of no consequence. For ourselves, and accustomed from childhood to the brushy streams of the West of England, it was simple work killing these unsophisticated creatures. The Colonel, too, though so recent a convert, proved a most efficient one. The Judge contributed his dozen or so each day, and the Doctor, after spending two days, as he declared, in climbing trees, was quite rewarded on the third and last by half-a-dozen fish.

The news sped up the valley like wildfire, that there were strange fishermen below, and that "one big man in gum pants was trompin' up the middle o' the crick with a dip net, flickin' a silver pole about like a buggy whip, and rakin' out the fish like ole Scrat." Many a mountaineer that day left his corn-row unhoed and his tobacco-hills half finished upon distant heights. And as we pushed our way up stream through avenues of forest trees, and groves of cedar, and blazing banks of rhododendrons, some g unt son of the mountain was always

hovering near us in a state of curiosity almost too great for words.

Our camp fire on the second night presented a very animated scene. Caleb had piled a waggon-load of wood on the fire, and the flames leaped high heavenwards. Conciliation being so vital a point, we had brought half a sack of flour and a bag of coffee, and nearly a dozen mountaineers assisted at the greatest trout-fry, as Silas said, that had ever been known in the mountains. The theme of conversation as they sat round and smoked their long pipes well into the night can be easily imagined, and after two rounds of the whiskey they began telling stories of trout and bear against each other of a kind that would make the post-prandial performances of the ordinary British fisherman seem tame in comparison.

We parted on the fourth morning upon most friendly terms with the whole mountain, and they were profoundly grateful for a souvenir of a couple of dozen featherhooks, which all disappeared in a single day, so Silas told us afterwards, in tree-tops and snags.

As with our third day's catch carefully packed for sceptical friends in Bunkerville, old Caleb once more got his team off the rocky mountain roads on to the old red highways, he gave a great sigh of relief. "Praise de Lord," we heard him say, "I'm done wid it fur dis year anyway." He little knew what was going to happen the next year; and how much truer his estimate of the mountaineers accidentally turned out to be than his master's, we may perhaps have an opportunity of relating at another time.

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.¹

THERE are probably no more familiar figures in London than those of the sentries at Saint James's Palace and Whitehall. The dingy red brick of the one building and the dingy gray stone of the other would seem strange to us without the specks of scarlet at their foot. Let that scarlet be replaced, even for a day, by the kilt of a Highland soldier or by the green jacket of a rifleman, and everybody will turn to stare at so strange a spectacle. If the sentry's head be but covered with a brass-bound helmet instead of the well-known bearskin, your true Cockney will pause for a moment to gape at him. This is not the sentry that he is accustomed to, and it is something more than the head-dress that is unfamiliar. There is a stern, motionless, almost disdainful rigidity that is peculiar to these particular posts, a rigidity so characteristic that the French never cease to gird at it, while a foreign sculptor has seized upon it as worthy to be immortalised in a national monument. Around the pedestal of Wellington's statue are grouped the types of the four nations that once divided the British Isles; the Highlander ready and eager, the Welshman supple and alert, the Irish dragoon full of vivacity and fire, and lastly the Englishman, the backbone of them all, calm and unexcited, standing at ease. And that Englishman is one of the Sovereign's Guards.

Probably few of us reflect, at the daily mounting of the Guard at Saint James's, on the wealth of intellect, blood, and treasure that was expended before Grenadier Guards could relieve Coldstreamers, and Scots Guards relieve Grenadiers in the custody of the royal palaces. We know so little of the history of the Army, we are apparently so proud of the fact that we only suffer it to exist from year to year, that we pass the sentry by content only to see that he is there, without pausing to ask why the buttons of his tunic are arranged in ones, twos, or threes, or why his bearskin has a white plume, a red plume, or no plume at all. Which of the three regiments was the first to mount guard, how it came to be there then, how it comes to be there now, and what has happened to it between its first guard-mounting and its last, these are questions which rarely enter into our heads; whereby we are losers of much that is most romantic and picturesque in English history. It is probably news to most of our readers that the first general action of the Grenadier Guards was fought against the national forces of England, that the Scots Guards were first brought into England to overawe the inhabitants of London, and that the Coldstream rode for a time rough shod over the representatives of both Grenadiers and Scots.

It is therefore with unmixed satisfaction that we welcome a continuation of the History of the Coldstream Guards by Lieutenant-Colonel Ross of Bladensburg, a very handsome quarto volume, worthy of so famous a corps

¹ 1. ORIGIN AND SERVICES OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS; by Colonel Mackinnon. In two vols. London, 1833.

2. A HISTORY OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS FROM 1815 TO 1895; by Lieut.-Colonel Ross of Bladensburg. London, 1896.

in appearance, and, what is both rarer and better, a readable and interesting book. There are two ways of writing the history of a regiment; the one, to treat it as but a member of a great company, acting on its fellows and reacted on by them, or, in other words, as a part of the Army; the other, to represent it as a solitary star, to heighten the brilliancy of which all possible light must be diverted, by legitimate or illegitimate means, from neighbouring constellations. The former is Colonel Ross's method, and it is, as we hold, the right one. There is no ignoble jealousy nor abrogation of the claims of others; there is the straightforward history of a regiment that is proud to be one of many that are distinguished in the Army. The peculiar *esprit de corps* of the Coldstream displays itself in a most pleasing form. Every portion of the volume, even to the illustrations, the maps, and the plans, is the work of an officer of the regiment, while the illustrations themselves are far superior to those usually to be found in such histories, and are beautifully reproduced.¹

Colonel Ross's work, however, is, as has been said, only a continuation, from 1815 to the present time, of the earlier history of the regiment published by Colonel Mackinnon in 1833. The latter is a work of a very different kind, without any literary pretensions whatever, but full of solid facts gained by laborious industry and research, and a mine of wealth to the student of the history of the Army. It is however so studiously moderate and modest that it overlooks much that is

romantic in the history of the Coldstream, though the fault, if indeed it is to be reckoned a fault, is more than redeemed by its unflinching accuracy.

In truth the Coldstream Guards hold a unique position in the British Army. We have pointed out before in these pages that the history of the Standing Army begins not, as is commonly supposed, at the Restoration, but in the year 1645, when the famous New Model was raised to conquer King Charles the First, and next, as fate ordained it, to unite the three kingdoms of the British Isles under the supremacy of England. The New Model, which consisted of twenty-two thousand men all dressed in red coats, began its work in the spring of 1645, and achieved the first portion of it at Naseby, at Preston, and at Whitehall. Then, having crushed the Royalists for a time in England and Scotland, it passed over to Ireland to subdue the rebellion there, and had accomplished the hardest of its tasks when in June, 1650, its services were required once more for hostilities in Scotland.

Now it happened that at the victory of Nantwich in 1645 the Parliamentary troops had captured a Royalist officer named George Monk. He was a Devonshire man of good family, but of chequered career. In 1626, when only seventeen years old, he had found himself in trouble at home for cudgelling the under-sheriff of Devon, and had been forced to disappear and to enlist as a private soldier on board the fleet which carried the disastrous expedition to Cadiz. He was not more fortunate in his service at the Isle of Rhé or at Rochelle, and then, at the age of twenty, he drifted away, like all English gentlemen of his time with a turn for fighting, to the Low Countries. There he became ensign in the regiment of Vere, the great historic name among English soldiers

¹ One criticism, however, we must pass on these illustrations. How comes the musketeer opposite p. 66 to wear a corselet? Defensive armour was strictly confined to pikemen, and a musketeer could not have brought his weapon to his shoulder if he had worn a breast-piece. Again, the musketeer at p. 86 carries a matchlock musket, but no match-cord.

in Flanders, and distinguished himself by uncommon ability and courage. Finally, after fighting by the side of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, of Skippon and Fairfax, of Goring and Astley and a score of others whose names soon became famous in England, he came home with them to take part in the Civil War, chose the losing side, and was taken prisoner as we have said. Finally, after some months of confinement in the Tower, he transferred his services to the winning side and was despatched by the Parliament to take up a command in Ireland.

There he caught the eye of Oliver Cromwell, who brought him back with him for the Scotch campaign, and at once designed him for the command of a regiment. The corps selected by Cromwell was, however, by no means inclined to accept a Royalist prisoner for its colonel; and the General, being far too wise a man not to respect such a prejudice, was fain to seek a regiment for him elsewhere. Among the troops in process of concentration at Berwick at this time were two of the original New Model, Weldon's and Lloyd's, now become Hazelrigg's and Fenwick's. Cromwell took five companies from each of them and made them in July, 1650, into Monk's regiment. This done, the army crossed the Tweed and marched away north.

Five weeks later, on the afternoon of the 2nd of September, Cromwell stood with Major-General Lambert at his side in a valley a little to the south of Dunbar. Behind him was his own army, hungry, weakened, and harassed, its spirits damped and its discipline impaired. Before him lay David Leslie, with an army far superior in numbers, blocking his retreat to England. Leslie had at first occupied a line of hills, but now he was descending in overweening confidence to the lower ground; horse and foot were filing down through the

drizzling rain and forming up into dense oblong masses at the foot of the hills, and Cromwell was watching with all his eyes. At last he turned to Lambert. "I think," he said, "that the enemy do offer us some advantage." "The very thing that I was about to say to you," answered Lambert. But Colonel Monk was a soldier of more experience than either of them, and it was thought well to ask his opinion. Colonel Monk's views agreed with their own; the attack was fixed to take place before dawn on the morrow, and a brigade of infantry was entrusted to Monk's command. When the sun rose over the sea next morning the Scotch were already beaten; before it went down, they were scattered to the four winds. This, the most brilliant victory of an English army since Agincourt, was the first general action of Monk's regiment. Do its representatives, we wonder, still number among their treasures a specimen of the Dunbar medal, the first ever given to our Army?

The victory of Dunbar was followed by further operations in Scotland, and in due time Monk's regiment took part in his brilliant campaign in the Highlands, an episode which Scotchmen are not over fond of recalling, since it brought their country for the first time thoroughly to heel. After the Highlands were subdued, Monk's regiment settled down comfortably to duty in garrison, while the shattered fragments of the Royalists fled across the sea to Flanders and were formed into the King's regiment of Guards. In 1658 these Guards likewise saw their first action at Dunkirk Dunes, stood immovable in the field when all others on their side had fled, and then laid down their arms. Thus by a strange contrast the two senior regiments of the British infantry opened their careers, at Dunbar and Dunkirk, by victory and defeat respectively.

Monk, meanwhile, was peaceably governing Scotland, and he continued to govern it amid all the innumerable changes that followed the death of the Protector. At last, however, in October, 1659, there came the news that the English army had upset the Rump of the Long Parliament, and had taken the supreme power into its own hands. Then Monk moved immediately and decisively. With amazing rapidity he secured every garrison in Scotland for the Parliament, and, concentrating the remainder of his forces at Edinburgh, moved slowly south to Berwick.

There, at one o'clock on the morning of the 7th of December, he was surprised by the intelligence that an English army under General Lambert had advanced northward, in spite of much peaceful profession, and was already within twenty miles of the border. One hour sufficed for him to write his orders, and by two o'clock he was in the saddle and away to inspect the fords of the Tweed. The night was stormy and dark, and the roads mere sheets of ice, but on he galloped, despite the entreaties of his Staff, through wind and sleet, up hill and down at dangerous speed. "It was God's infinite mercy that we had not our necks broke," wrote one who was an unwilling participator in that ride. By eleven o'clock the inspection was over, and the dispositions complete. Every pass from Berwick to Kelso was occupied, and every detail so thought out that the whole force could be concentrated at any given point in the line within four hours. Head-quarters were fixed at a small and miserable village near the centre of the line. A regiment of infantry, probably Monk's own, had already arrived there to guard the ford before the General and his Staff rode into it, and had cleared away every scrap of provisions. The

Staff, cold, weary and hungry, dispersed in all directions in search of food, but tough old George Monk remembered his training at sea, walked into the miserable hovel which formed the General's quarters, thrust a piece of tobacco into his cheek, and sat down contented with a good morning's work. The village where he lay with some nine thousand men about him¹ bore the name of Coldstream.

For three weeks he remained there, waiting for the moment to advance, the men suffering greatly from privation and cold, but all maintained in cheerfulness and content by the spirit of the General. At last, on the 21st of December, came the news that the army which had deposed the Rump was up in mutiny, and at daybreak on the 1st of January, 1660, the Coldstreamers (for so the whole force loved to call themselves) crossed the Tweed in two brigades and began their memorable march to the south. All day the foot tramped on knee-deep in snow, a march of fifteen miles to Wooler, while the advanced guard of horse by a marvellous effort covered the fifty miles to Morpeth. On the 31st of January they were at Saint Albans, and three days later they occupied London. Monk's own regiment with prophetic instinct was quartered for the first time about Saint James's Palace.

Four months later the restored King Charles was escorted by the redcoats through the streets of London, and then came the awkward question, what should be done with the army, now more than double the strength of the original New Model? Parliament had tried to throw it away like an old broom before the Irish campaign, but had found to its cost that such an

¹ Four regiments of horse and six of foot; according to the old establishment nine thousand six hundred men besides officers.

army was not to be so summarily got rid of. All that was certain was that it must be paid off in full, and disbanded gradually and tactfully. It was a delicate and extremely dangerous task, only to be entrusted to a soldier who understood soldiers and a man who understood men. Fortunately the right man was at hand in the person of George Monk, who proceeded cautiously and swiftly with the work, receiving only the favour that his own regiment of foot should be disbanded the last.

The hand of disbandment had swept the rest of the famous army away and was almost touching Monk's regiment, when London was alarmed by a rising of Fifth Monarchy men under the leadership of the mad wine-cooper Venner. The King had already formed for his own protection two troops of Life Guards, the germs, we may remark, of the two existing regiments, but they were ill-trained and unsteady, and recoiled before the mob. The situation was critical till the veterans of Monk's regiment, to whom such work was child's play, marched up with pike and musket and swept the rioters contemptuously away. The insurrection showed the need for retaining so trustworthy a force, and the disbandment of Monk's regiment was arrested. On Valentine's Day the whole corps marched up to Tower Hill, solemnly laid down its arms as servants of the Parliament, and as solemnly took them up again as soldiers of the King. With loud cheers and much firing of promiscuous volleys, after the fashion of the time, they welcomed their new birth, passed into the standing army as the Coldstream Regiment of Guards, and went straight on guard at the Tynt at Whitehall.

Meanwhile the King had already ordered a special regiment of Guards to be raised for himself, which presently absorbed the corps that had

been defeated at Dunkirk, and remains with us as the First, or Grenadier Guards. To this, his own regiment, the King naturally gave precedence, and the historian of the Grenadier Guards has laboured hard to prove that it enjoyed that precedence, not by favour only, but by right of priority. The effort, however, is so hopeless that it need never have been made. The Coldstream Guards are the only corps that actually survives intact from the famous New Model, which was the first true English Army. The Buffs have a longer pedigree in the service of Holland, the Royal Scots in the service of Denmark, Sweden, and France; but the Coldstream is the earliest national English regiment, the sole inheritor of the traditions of Oliver Cromwell. It represents the victorious Puritans, while the Grenadiers represent the defeated Cavaliers of the Civil War; and though the Grenadiers from the first enjoyed the royal facings of blue while the Coldstream retained the green¹ of George Monk, and though the Grenadiers in very early days were called the First Guards, leaving only the second place for any other, yet the Coldstream have always been known by their title rather than by any number, and still claim by their motto that they are second to none. Though few, therefore, are perhaps aware of it, the Royalist and Round-head armies are still represented among us, distinguished by a mere matter of badges, buttons, and plumes, no longer as enemies but as the best friends that the British Army can show.

Nor is this friendship surprising, for the two regiments have gone hand in hand to fight in all parts of the world. Their first services after the

¹ From a printed list of the regiments in the camp at Gerpines in 1691, it appears that the Coldstreamers' facings were at that time yellow.

Restoration were to fight the Dutch at sea, to turn them out of Cape Coast Castle, and to change the name of New Amsterdam to New York. A few years later some companies of both were engaged in the suppression of a rebellion in Virginia, while the remainder were fighting in Flanders under the command of a young brigadier who was born in the same year as the Coldstream, named John Churchill, not yet Duke of Marlborough. All this they did within eighteen years of the Restoration. Our Standing Army has always been too small for its duty, but it has never been more overworked than when its infantry consisted practically of two regiments of Guards.

Fortunately Monmouth's rebellion presently gave an excuse for raising new corps, and in 1686 the camp formed at Hounslow Heath saw not only several regiments of the line, but a third regiment of Guards added to the Standing Army. This last had been brought down from North Britain to strengthen James's army of intimidation, and was known by the name, to which it has lately reverted, of the Scots Guards. This was the first meeting of the Household Brigade, though it was not until after the Union that the Scots became a true British regiment under the title of the Third Guards.

Three years later came the painful day when the English Army, without striking or attempting to strike a blow, gave way to a force of foreign invaders. On this occasion the Coldstream received an attention from William of Orange of a very singular kind. Before he marched into London the Prince ordered every one of James's regiments to be withdrawn except the Coldstream Guards, and only at the last moment wrote to their colonel, Lord Craven, ordering him to make room for the Dutchmen,

and to see that their quarters were ready for them. Why he should have selected this particular regiment for this particular duty it is difficult to conjecture, unless he reckoned on a survival of the old spirit that had led it to fight against the Stuarts thirty years before. At any rate, he mistook his man when he looked for cheerful obedience from Craven. Though eighty years of age, this old warrior, who, fifty years before, had been patted on the back by the great Gustavus himself, was for fighting the Dutchmen at all costs before yielding up Whitehall to them. But James, to his honour, forbade such useless slaughter; the Coldstreamers, sulky and discontented almost to mutiny, marched away to Rochester, and for the first and only time in our history the red coats of the English Guards made way for the blue of a foreign regiment before Whitehall.

On his accession William took the command of the regiment from Craven, the one thing which he valued, and gave it to Talmash, the officer so much commended by Uncle Toby, who lost his life through his own foolhardiness and the treachery of Marlborough at Brest. Talmash was believed in the gossip of the times to have been a natural son of Oliver Cromwell, and is said to have encouraged the belief with the greatest pride and satisfaction. If there be any foundation for the story, it is curious that he should have received the command of the last relic of the New Model. It was during his colonelcy that the Coldstream Guards, together with the rest of the Army, underwent their bitter period of probation under the command of King William in Flanders.

Englishmen as a rule are singularly ignorant of the war which began at the Revolution and ended at the peace of Ryswick. They have some

faint recollection of the names of Steinkirk, Landen, and Namur, but little appreciation of their true significance. As a matter of fact, William's campaigns were the first real assertion of England's military power in Europe since the loss of France under Henry the Sixth, and for this and for many other reasons they mark a most important period in the history of the Army. They were not successful campaigns, for William was no match for Luxemburg, and they were not happy years for the British soldier, for the King, though he always gave him the hardest of the work in the field, seems to have been culpably negligent of his welfare at all other times. In fact, William's campaigns bear the same relation to Marlborough's as our earlier operations in the Napoleonic War bear to the victorious progress in the Peninsula. They were marked by extraordinary bravery on the part of the troops, and by gross mismanagement on the part of the commanders; the rank and file did all that men could do to redeem bad generalship and official maladministration, but succeeded only in impressing upon the French that they were formidable enemies, indeed, but not invincible.

Steinkirk was a bitter day for the Coldstream, as for many another English regiment. William had formed a good plan, but as usual had failed in the manner of execution. The First Guards and five more British regiments had been pushed forward to a daring attack on the French camp, and had done wonders. Had they been supported the victory had been won, but the knavery or stupidity of the Dutch General Solmes, kept back the second line of British infantry; and while the Coldstream were cursing madly at his refusal to let them go to the rescue of their comrades, the First Guards were forced back with terrible loss. "Damn the English! if they

are so fond of fighting let them have a bellyful of it," was said to have been the only comment of Solmes. He was the same man who had relieved Lord Craven on guard at Whitehall, and we can only faintly imagine how the Coldstream must have hated him.

But if Steinkirk was bad, Landen was even worse. Here all three regiments of Guards were stationed close together, and with their brethren of the Line fought against odds of three to two with a desperate tenacity that fairly overawed every Frenchman on the field except Luxemburg himself. The Grenadiers and Scots struggled for hours against overwhelming numbers, and when at last they were forced back the turn of the Coldstream came. They were assailed by horse and foot in front and on both flanks, but not a whit dismayed they faced the famous Household Cavalry of France, and even took from them a standard. Nothing, however, could avail them in such a desperate position against such fearful odds. William galloped about the field gallantly enough, calling upon men to do impossibilities and striving to do them himself, but deliberate blunders such as his were not so to be redeemed. General Talmash, the Colonel of the Coldstream, saved what he could of the wreck of the army with a coolness and skill which was warmly acknowledged by his enemies, but never again did the French enjoy such an execution of the redcoats as in the rout of Landen.

In 1695 Luxemburg died, and William had an opportunity of redeeming his fame by the capture of Namur. One regiment alone, the Eighteenth Royal Irish, bears the name of the famous siege on its colours; and yet it was the Guards that struck the first telling blow, and suffered most severely during the

course of it. Eleven English battalions in all were engaged, and they lost between them sixty-two officers and from two to three thousand men. The actual number of men that fell has not been recorded, but of the sixty-two officers fifteen were of the First Guards, fourteen of the Coldstream, and seven of the Scots, from which it is reasonable to infer that of the two former regiments quite half the men went down.

Then came the peace of Ryswick, and with it one of those periods of criminal folly which too often overtake the English House of Commons. Louis of France had three hundred thousand men; whereupon the collective wisdom of the kingdom decided that seven thousand soldiers in England and twelve thousand men in Ireland were amply sufficient, together with a fleet, for the safety of the British Isles. Numbers of fine regiments were accordingly disbanded, without the slightest provision for the discharge of the arrears due to them, and there rose up such a howl of indignation from the poor men at this shameful treatment, followed by such scandalous revelations of civil maladministration of the Army, as would have shamed any ordinary Assembly out of existence. The House had an excuse ready for disbanding the Army: William, they said, was always squandering men and losing battles; but that was no reason why the rank and file should have been defrauded of their just dues. Historians have been strangely silent over the last four years of William's reign, and it is well both for the House of Commons and for William himself that they have been so.¹

¹ We give but one instance. Colonel Mitchelburne, the military defender of Londonderry in the famous siege, was actually in the Fleet prison for debt in 1704 for want of over £1000 due to him for pay since 1689. He had petitioned the House as early as 1699

The Coldstreamers were of course among the seven thousand men that were retained, but they were reduced to a ridiculously small establishment and waited for years for the pay due to them. And meanwhile the citizens of London, taking their cue from the House of Commons, lost no opportunity of railing at the redcoats, who, ill-fed, ill-paid, and ill-clothed, had fought so magnificently in Flanders, as the plagues of the country. The Guards, being in the capital, bore, as we must conclude, the brunt of these insults, but at the earnest instance of the King abstained from reprisals. Possibly there were old men in Chelsea Hospital who had marched down in the ranks of Monk's regiment from Coldstream, and had been hailed as saviours and deliverers. It is a pity that one of them did not put his reminiscences and reflections on paper.

Our space is running out, and we have no room left for the great revival under Marlborough, for Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, none for Dettingen and Fontenoy, nor for Saint Amand, where six hundred Coldstreamers did what five thousand Austrians had failed to do; none for Lancelles or for Egypt; none for the defence of Hougomont; none even for Inkerman, where, of seventeen officers and four hundred and twenty-one men of the Coldstream, fourteen officers and one hundred and ninety-four men went down. Yet we have said enough, for if we should follow the history of the regiment from the beginning to the end, we should but repeat the same tale of grand service too often ill-requited, typical of the treatment which the British Army has so often suffered at the hands of the British nation. We have dwelt

on the strength of a promise made by William at the close of the siege; he was still petitioning in 1706, and his officers had not been paid off in 1708.

on the days of Cromwell and of William of Orange, because they were, on the whole, both the best and the worst that the Army has ever seen ; and though it would be unjust to saddle William with the whole of the blame, yet it is possible that if the luckless James had been trusted, instead of his son-in-law, with the task of developing the Army, we should now have an efficient War Office and a sounder military system. Fate ordained it otherwise. The evil traditions of William's day were nourished and preserved for close on two centuries, and though scapegraces no longer systematically enlist in the Guards before the eyes of their

creditors to escape from arrest for debt, nor burglars for the sake of the refuge in the guard-house in the Savoy, yet the red coat has not altogether ceased to denote in the minds of bigoted citizens, now as it did in Farquhar's time, the plague of the nation. The whole story is a variation on one theme, the vengeance of the House of Commons for the lesson taught by Oliver Cromwell, that Parliaments after all are mortal. But there still remains one regiment which has seen, at the bidding of its colonel, the most renowned Parliament in our history dissolve itself precipitately ; and that regiment is the Coldstream Guards.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THERE was recently published in this Magazine an article on British Honduras (November, 1896), which, after giving a history of the colony and a description of its natural features and industries, concluded with the following paragraph :

It is unfortunate for the colony that its councils, both Executive and Legislative, should spend most of their energies in petty personal squabbles or in quarrelling with their Governor, instead of turning their attention to opening the country by roads and railways and providing an adequate supply of labour. If they can but succeed in these two objects there need be little fear for the future of British Honduras.

We have received a letter from H. E. Sir Alfred Moloney, K.C.M.G. (who at the time of writing it was still Governor of the Colony), denying the truth of this imputation so far as his own administration was concerned. "My relations," he writes, "with the members of the Executive and Legislative Councils, individually and in their corporate capacity, have been uninterruptedly all that I could desire ; they have been sympathetic and co-operative whenever they felt they could be so consistently with the independent and impartial exercise of their public duties."

We have great pleasure in giving publicity to His Excellency's statement, and cordially trust that the same good fortune may always attend him.

